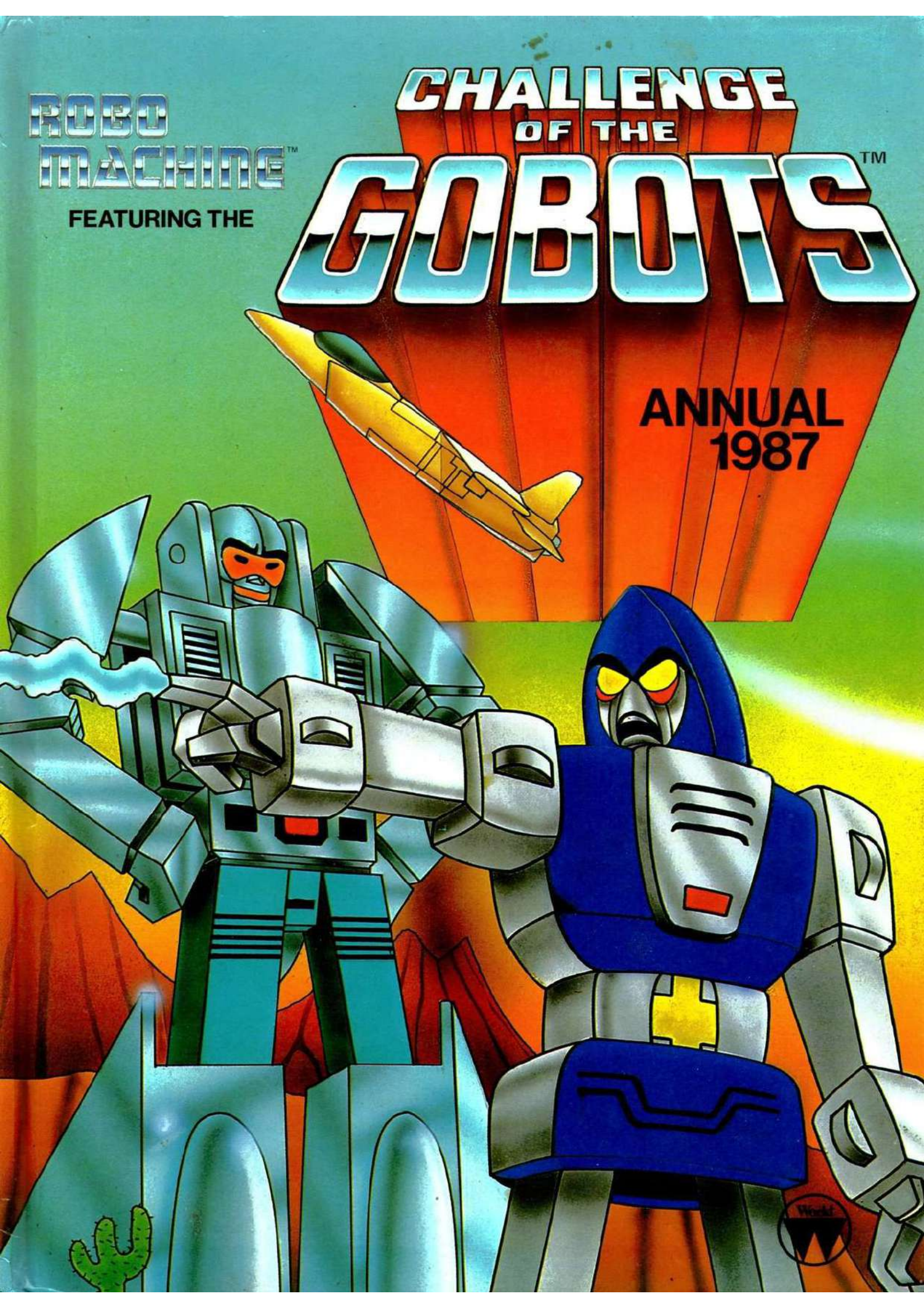
ROBO MACHINE™

FEATURING THE

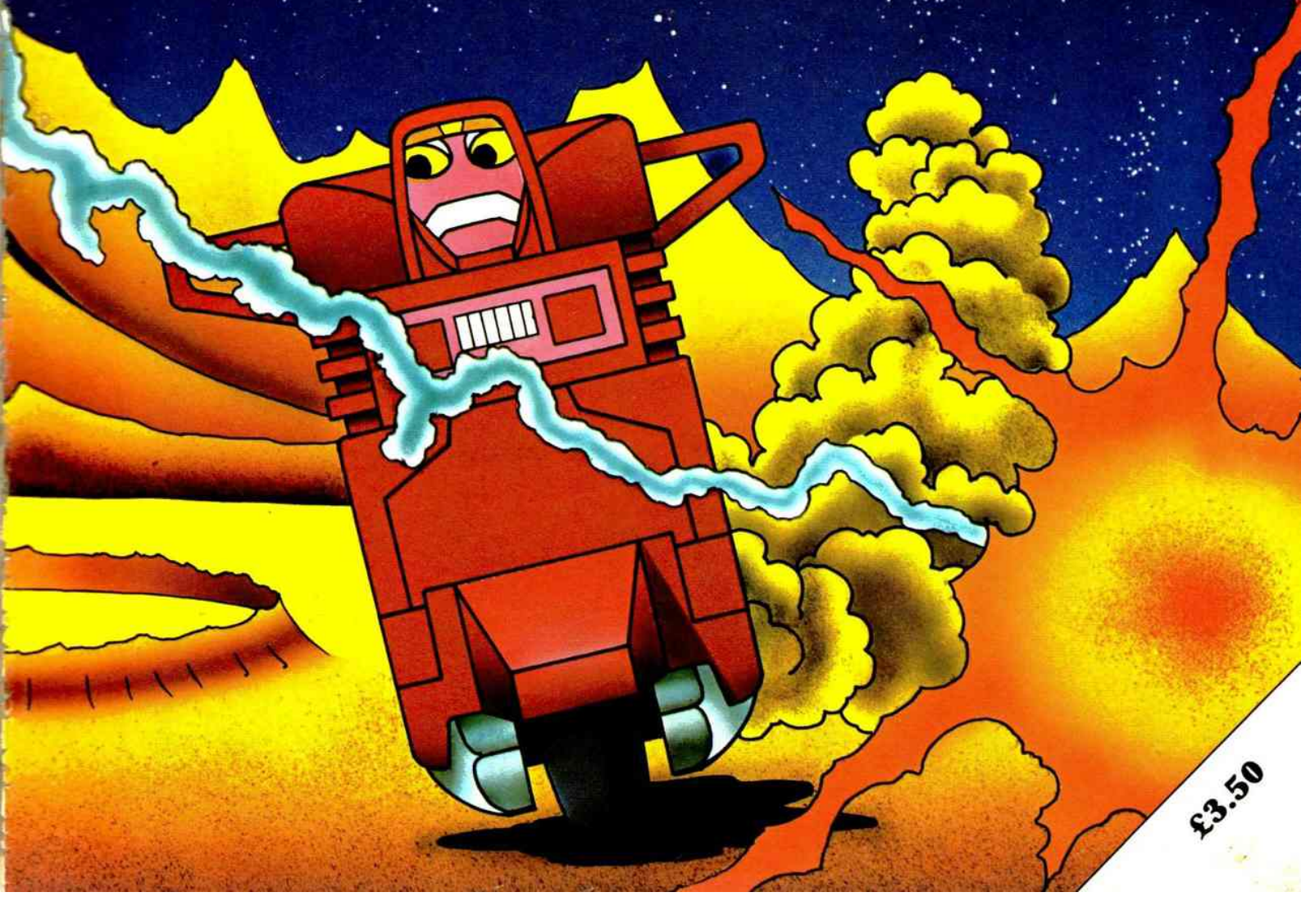
CHALLENGE OF THE GOBOTS™

ANNUAL 1987



ROBO MACHINE™ FEATURING THE CHALLENGE OF THE GOBOTS™

ANNUAL 1987



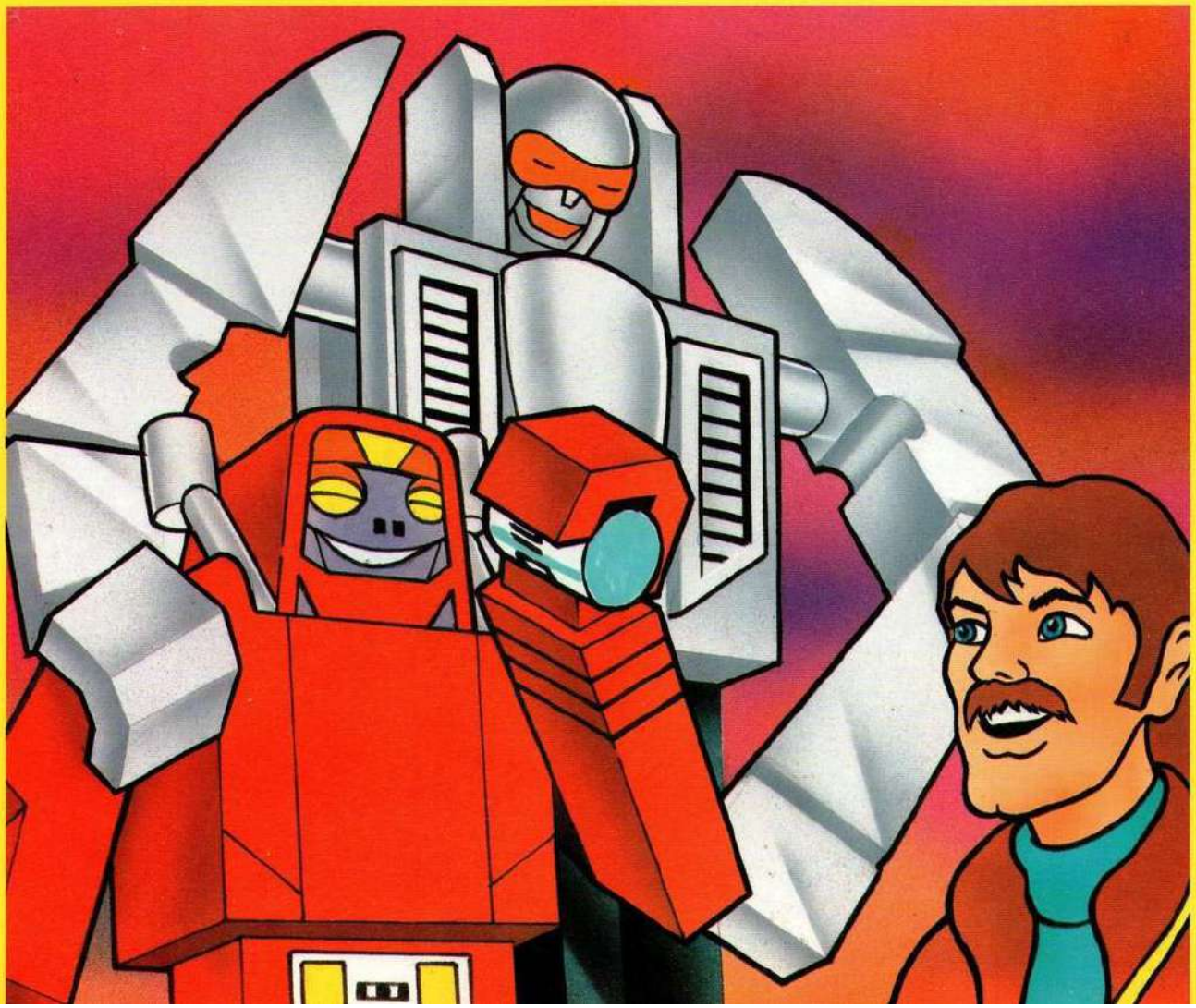
£3.50

CONTENTS

The Secret of Silvermoon Mine	5
Light Fantastic: The Story of The Laser	11
The Monsters and Mister Grogan	13
Scooter's Training Programme I	19
Captain Clegg's Dream	20
Scooter's Training Programme II	26
The Professor's New Baby	27
Dotty Data and Hidden Renegades	33
The Capture of Comrade Boris	35
Scooter's Training Programme III	41
Walter Wilson's Millions	42
The Search For Spay-C	48
Billy Jack Makes a Friend	50
The Battle at The End of The Earth	55
Scooter's Training Programme: Data Print Out	61

Copyright © 1986 Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc./Tonka Corp.
All rights reserved.

Published in Great Britain by World International Publishing Limited.
An Egmont Company.
Egmont House, P.O. Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL.
Printed in Italy. SBN 7235 6777 8.



The Secret of Silvermoon Mine

It was late on a warm summer evening and the streets of the town were quiet. Matt, A.J. and Nick had just been to the movies to see *Oklahoma Smith and the Temple of Gloom.* They were walking home to their cabin on the edge of the town. Suddenly a car skidded to a halt at the end of the street and two men wearing masks jumped out. One of them held a strange looking weapon in his hands and he fired it at the wall of the town bank. Silver beams of energy streamed from the bulging barrel of the strange gun. Where they hit the wall the bricks began to glow. As soon as they did so, the two men raced across the road and straight through the wall!

"Jumping jellyfish!" gasped A.J. "Did you see that?"

"This looks like trouble," said Matt. "Try and get help, A.J. Let's go after them, Nick."

A.J. ran to a phone booth to ring the police, and Matt and Nick ran down the street towards the bank. Cautiously they approached the glowing silver bricks in the bank wall. But as soon as they touched them, there was a bright blue flash and they were thrown back across the street. The space cadet and his captain crashed into a pile of cardboard boxes full of rubbish which collapsed on top of them.

"Jeepers!" exclaimed Nick. "What was THAT?"

"Some kind of force field," said Matt, brushing old tin cans and banana skins off himself as he got to his feet. Nick peered out from underneath a pile of old newspapers and empty bottles and saw two shadows appear in the glowing bricks of the wall. Then the two shadows leapt out through the wall and the two masked men were standing on the pavement, each holding a black plastic bag. Before Matt or Nick could do anything to stop them, they jumped into their car and

sped away. The shuttle pilot and the space cadet could only watch them go.

The two men in the car were criminals. Their names were Noodles O'Rourke and Montgomery Mulligan. A month ago they had been robbing bubble gum machines, then someone who called himself Professor Peaberry had given them his latest invention, the Molecule Wobbler, and they had become bank robbers. What neither of the crooks knew, however, was that Professor Peaberry was really Professor Braxis, the power-crazed NASA scientist who had sworn to help the Renegade GoBots in their plan to set up a base on Earth, and that the Molecule Wobbler had really been created by the crazed scientist, Herr Fiend, in the Renegades' laboratory on GoBotron and then sent to Earth by Astrobeam!

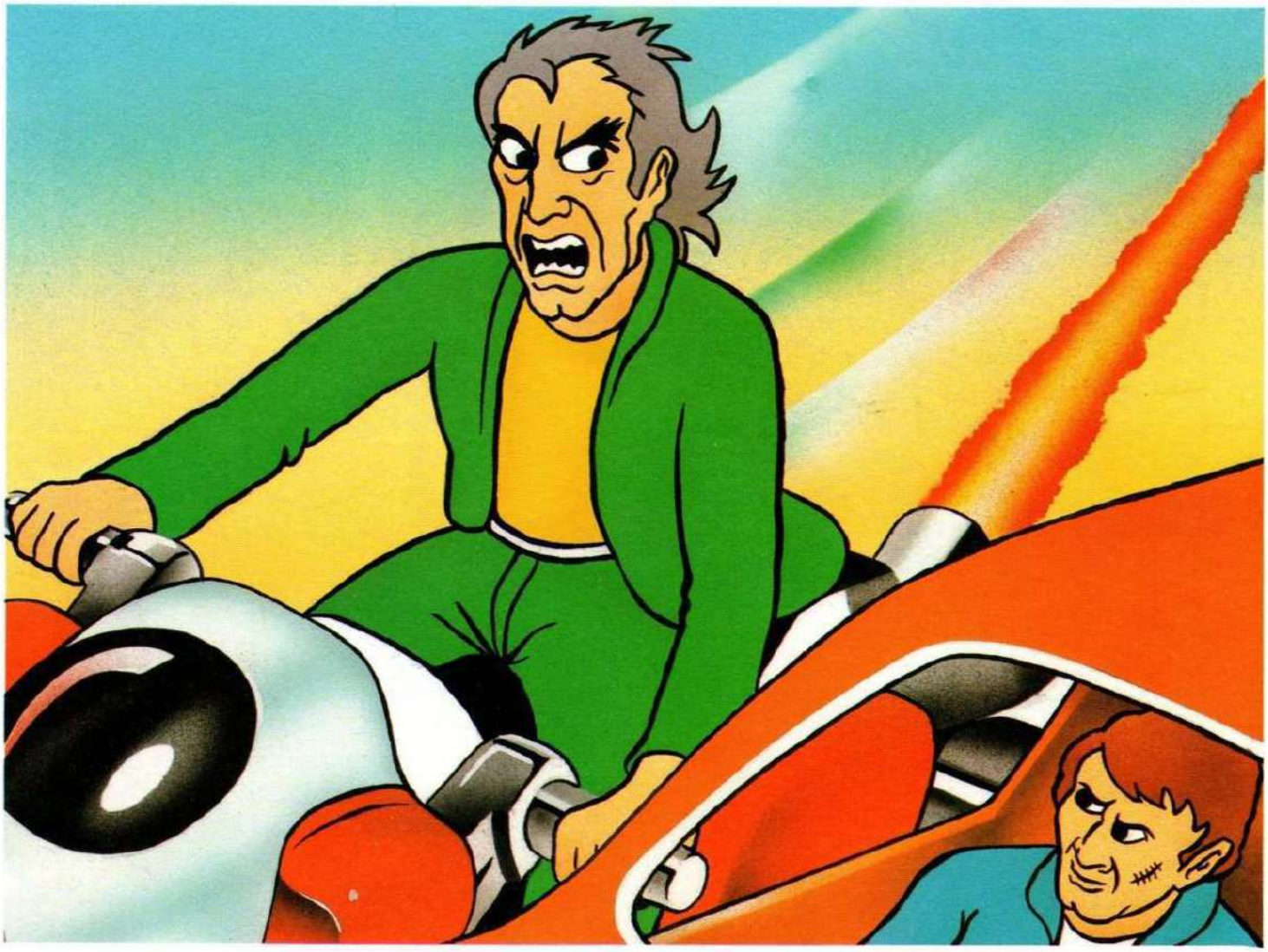
"Another half a million, Noodles!" cackled Montgomery, as he counted the money in plastic bags.

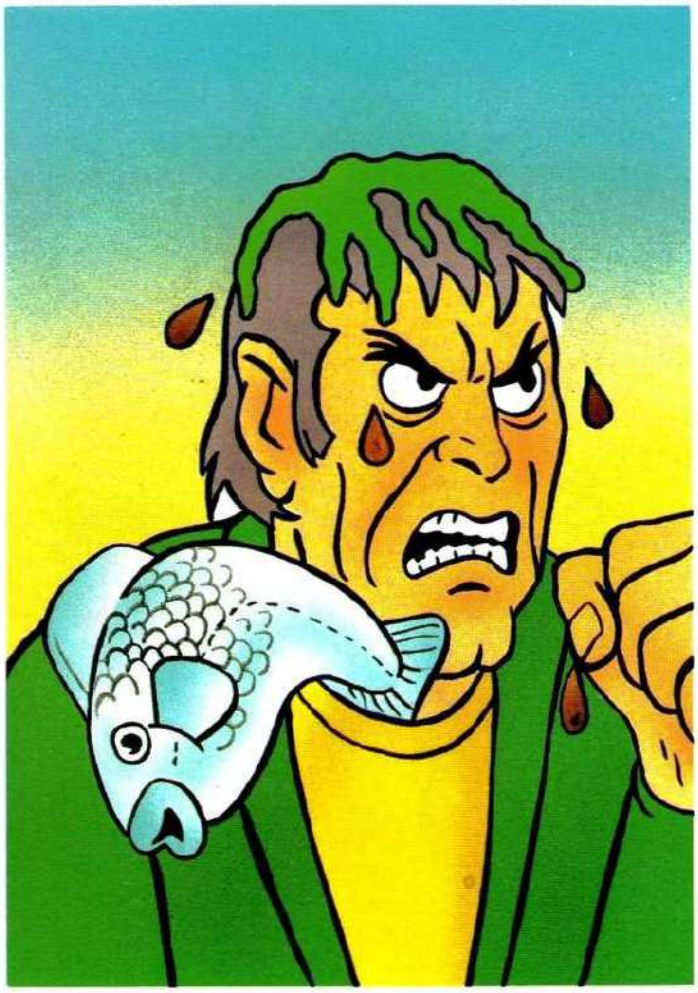
"Put it with the rest," said Noodles O'Rourke. "How much does that make altogether?"

"That's twenty eight million dollars we've stolen this month," said Montgomery, gazing greedily at the huge piles of money in the back of the car. "With the Wollycule Mobbler nothing can stop us! We can walk through bank walls like they weren't there. It's easier than stealing little kids' lollipops! The Prof is sure one smart scientist."

"Maybe he's not that smart," said Noodles O'Rourke with a wicked smile. "We got the dough. We got the gun. What do we need Peaberry for? We can just forget him and keep his share."

"Just as I thought, you treacherous twerps! Double dealing dunces!" shrieked a voice suddenly and Noodles O'Rourke's eyes bulged as big as boiled eggs in fright. A motorcycle had just zoomed down out of the sky and, with a wild, snarling roar of its engine, it drew alongside their speeding car. And riding on the motorbike, his long hair streaming back in the wind, his evil face twisted up in rage, was Professor Braxis. "Greed has turned your tiny minds to jelly!" he yelled. "Did you think two hopeless





criminals could outwit an intelligence as advanced as my own? The Molecule Wobbler was fitted with a microphone and transmitter. I have heard every word you have spoken. You must pay for your trickery. All the money shall be mine!"

"No way, Prof! The money's ours now! We stole it fair and square!" yelled Noodles O'Rourke, slamming the car sideways into the motorbike. The bike veered across the road and smashed down a row of fenceposts and Professor Braxis fell off the seat and rolled down a dusty slope into a pond. Ducks flew up into the air and the evil scientist found he had a fish down his collar.

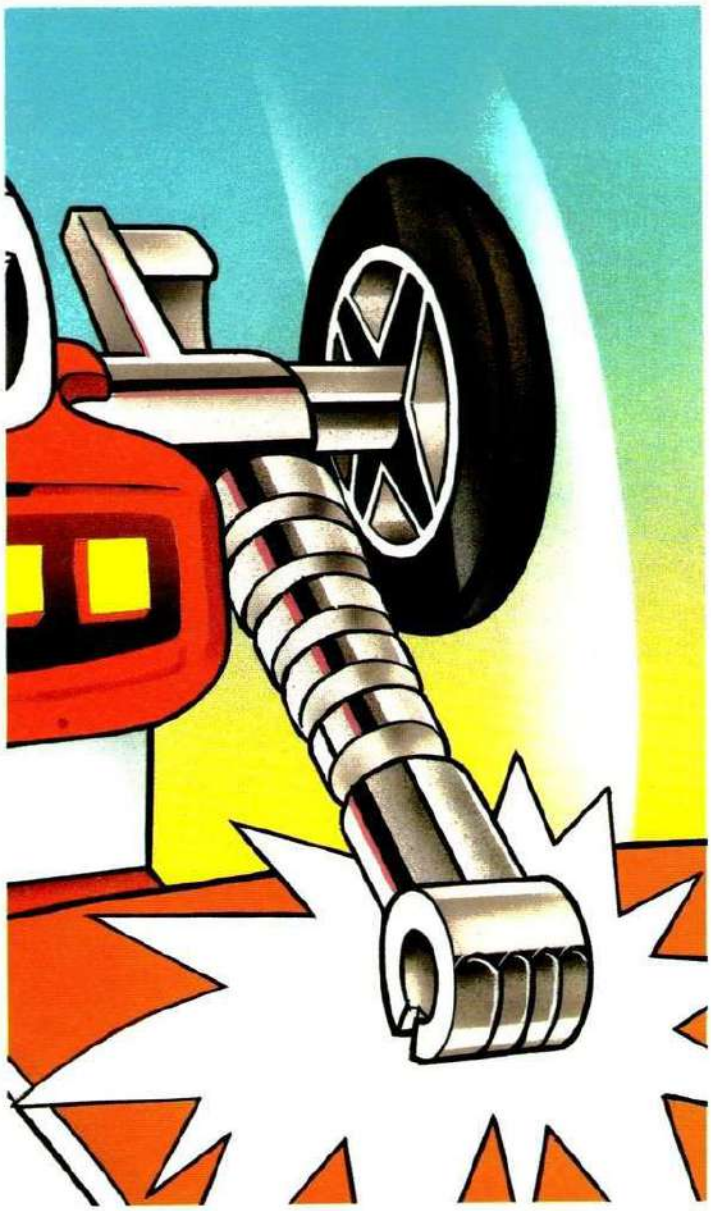
"Looks like we got rid of him, Noodles," laughed Montgomery Mulligan as he looked out of the back window at the professor sitting in the muddy water with pond weed in his hair. But then the riderless motorcycle roared out of the trees toward them, and to their amazement it was talking!

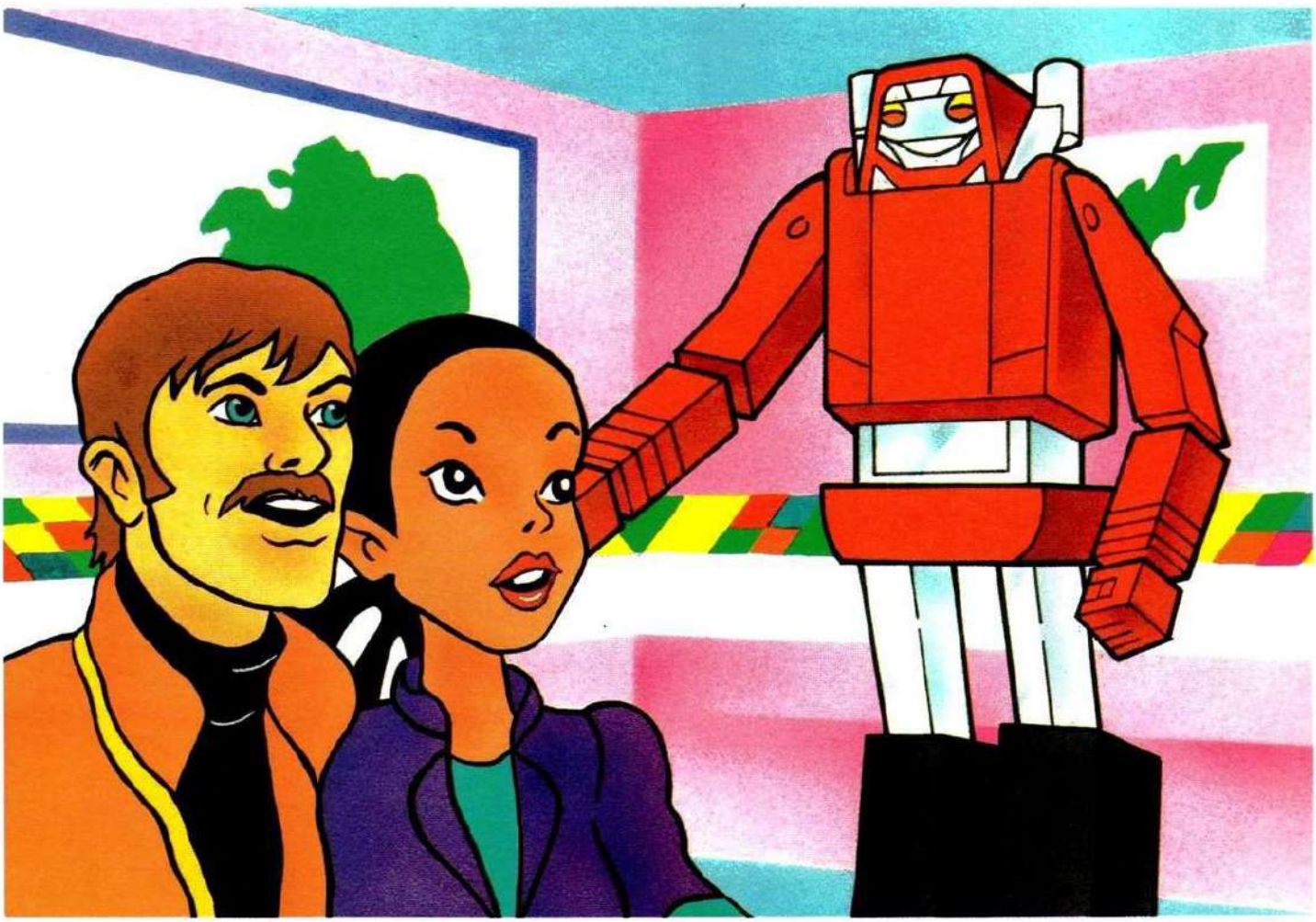
"You go too far, Earth scum! You dare smash your ugly little Earth machine against my sleek, streamlined shape!" roared the motorcycle. "Now my glorious GoBotronic strength will crunch your pathetic bucket of rust and bolts to smithereens."

And then the motorcycle grew arms, and a head, and huge round fists like steel drums began to smash down on the car. SLAM on the roof! And KER-AAANNNG through the bumpers! And WHOCK into the windows! And KA-WHUMP into the engine! And WHOOMPH, BADOOMPH, BADOOOMPH! as his huge rocket feet kicked the four tyres to shreds. For this was no ordinary motorcycle, this was Cy-Kill, the mad, megalomaniac leader of the Renegade GoBots of GoBotron — the meanest, maddest, baddest GoBot ever made.

"Let's get out of here!" yelled Montgomery fearfully.

"I'm right behind you!" shouted Noodles and the two terrified robbers ran for their lives. They didn't stop until they reached the shelter of some trees half a mile away. Then they saw Cy-Kill jetting up into the air, holding the wreckage of their car between his magnetic GoBotronic grabs.





"All that money," sighed Montgomery, as he watched Cy-Kill disappear with their car. "We could have been rich."

"Who cares about being rich?" asked Noodles O'Rourke, who was still shaking with fright. "That's the last time I rob anything. Banks or bubble gum machines. I'm giving myself up, first chance I get."

But when the two bewildered baddies went back to town and tried to tell people their strange tale of a mad professor, a Molecule Wobbler, and a talking motorbike that had stolen their car and twenty-seven million dollars that they had just stolen from different banks, no one believed them.

No one, that is, except Matt Hunter, A.J. Foster and Nick Burns. They knew that the Renegades must be planning something and they went straight to the Command Centre to warn their friends, the Guardians.

"We'll have to find out what those GoBads are up to," said Leader-1 when Matt told him what had happened. "Scooter! Computer!"

The smallest of the GoBots plugged himself into the Command Centre's huge computer. Matt, Leader-1 and the two space cadets watched Scooter begin to peep and buzz as information from computer systems all across the planet began to flow through him. The eyes in his square, headlamp face began to flash faster in different colours and words and pictures and diagrams and numbers flicked across the Command Centre's computer screens faster than anyone could follow.

"That's it!" Scooter exclaimed excitedly and turned to his companions. "Someone called Professor Peaberry has just spent twenty-seven million dollars. Sixteen million on the old Silvermoon Mine and all the mountains around it. Eleven million on building materials, electronic parts and radar equipment."

"Holy moley!" exclaimed Nick. "What could they be planning?"

"Let's go and find out," said Leader-1 and, with Matt, A.J. and Nick squeezed into his cockpit, he jetted away to investigate.

Leader-1 flew low to avoid detection by the Renegades' sensors, and then, about a mile from the mine, he changed to his GoBotronic shape and landed, feet first, on the side of the mountain.

Across the valley, all around the

Silvermoon Mine, enemy Renegade GoBots were busy. Loco shoved rusty trucks full of rocks along the old railway line. Cy-Kill and Buggy Man carried great steel girders in their GoBotronic grabs. Cop-Tur was lowering a huge metal door onto the front of the entrance to the mine which had been changed into a huge underground base.

"It's gigantic!" said A.J. in amazement. "Why would they want to build it so big?"

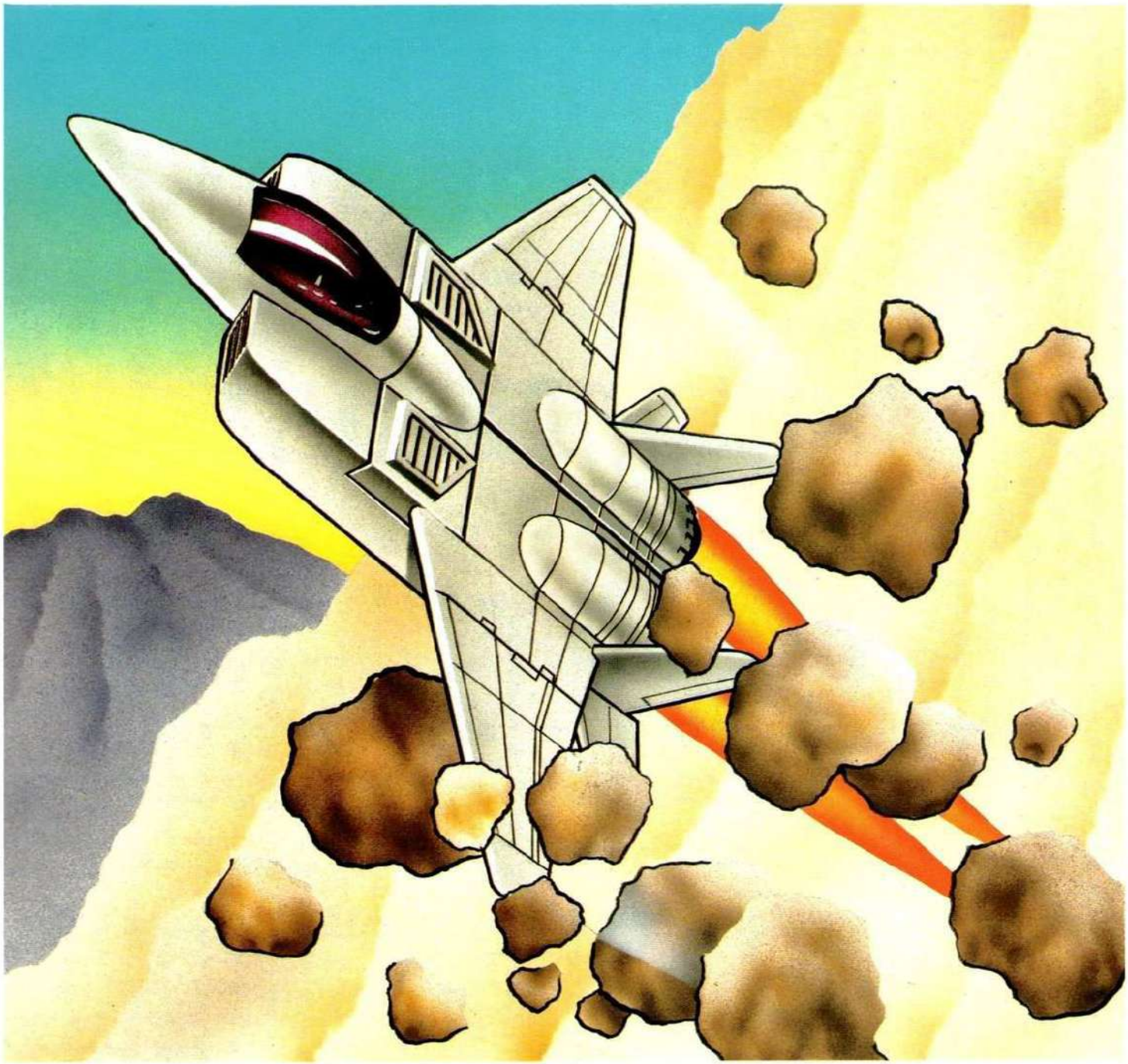
"I don't know," said Leader-1 grimly. "But whatever they're planning . . ."

Suddenly Leader-1 was interrupted by a shrill shriek of rage from a deep ravine just beneath them, and Crasher came hurtling up towards them, firing her power beams.

"Bake and burn the prying spies!" she shrieked as the rocks around Leader-1 and the three Earth friends began to melt and explode. "Frazzle them! Fry them! Explode them! Kill them! The Guardians must die!"

At the sound of her screaming, the other Renegades joined in the attack. Leader-1 scooped his three friends into his cockpit as he changed back into his jet fighter shape. "There are too many of them to fight," he said, as beams from the Renegade GoBots blasted into the cliff behind them and sent an avalanche falling down on them.

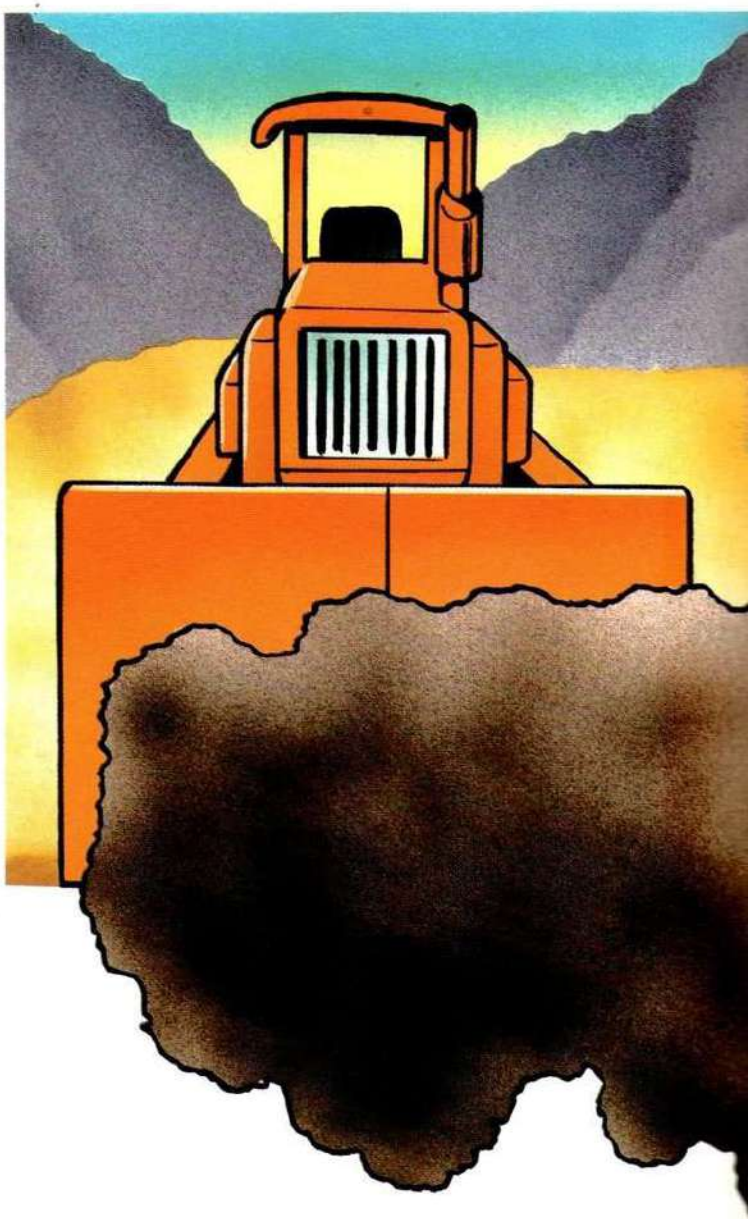
The leader of the Guardians jetted up from under the torrent of tumbling rocks and up into the sky with all of the enemy GoBots



in pursuit, twisting and turning, swooping, looping and spinning, roaring round mountains, diving down valleys, skimming along rivers and weaving through forests until, eventually, his speed, daring and GoBotronic skills took him, and the humans he carried, to safety.

"Scooter," he ordered as they landed beside the Command Centre, "contact Turbo and the others. Prepare for battle. We must destroy the Renegade base."

"This looks like being one heck of a fight," said Matt as, later, the Guardians' forces attacked the enemy base.



But Matt was wrong. The Renegades had gone and their base was deserted.

"Looks like we've scared them off," said Heat-Seeker to Leader-1. "That was easy."

"Too easy," warned Leader-1 seriously as he watched Dozer and Dumper as they bulldozed and dumped the Renegades' base back into the ground. "They must be planning something terrible. There isn't a GoBot anywhere big enough to need a base THAT size."

"What could it be?" asked Matt.

"Anything," said Scooter cheerfully. "It doesn't matter. Whatever it is they're building, those GoBads are never going to be good enough to beat the Guardians."

Light Fantastic:-

The Story of the Laser

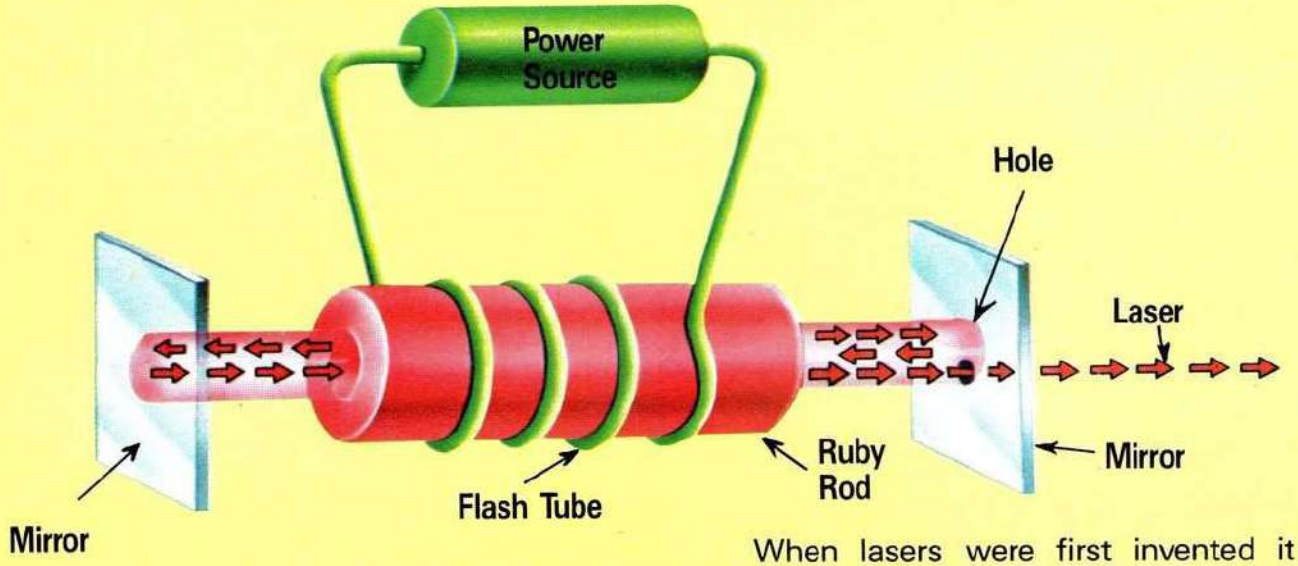
When the Guardians and the Renegades fight their battles, either on GoBotron or here on Earth, their principal weapons are their power beams. On Earth, we call these beams lasers. But what exactly are they? How are they made? How do they work? And what uses do they have?

On GoBotron the laser has been in use for as long as there have been GoBots on the planet. Here on Earth, however, the laser is a more recent invention. The first laser was built in California in 1960 by the scientist T. H. Maiman, and its name comes from the first letters of the phrase that describes how it works—Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation.

However, laser light is different from ordinary light beams in that it contains light of only one colour. Ordinary light, be it from the sun, a searchlight or a torchbeam, contains many different kinds of light mixed together. Normally, because they are mixed together, it is impossible to see these different colours. However, when you look at a rainbow for instance, you are looking at bands of different coloured light, split up by raindrops in the atmosphere. Because light of a single colour is much purer than ordinary white light, it is used to make lasers.

The Ruby Laser

The ruby laser, so called because it uses a long hollow rod made from ruby crystals to make its powerful beam, shows how this light is amplified until it becomes a laser beam. First, ordinary bright light is flashed around the rod from a power source. The light on the inside of the tube will be a single colour. In this case, because the material being used to create the laser is ruby, it will be red. The bright red beam shines out from either end of the rod. However, mirrors placed at either end of the rod reflect the light back through the rod. As the light bounces backwards and forwards between the mirrors it gets stronger and stronger. A small hole in one of the mirrors enables a tiny fraction of the amplified light to escape as a laser beam.



When lasers were first invented it was thought that they would have few practical uses. However, since then, they have proved their use in thousands of different fields.

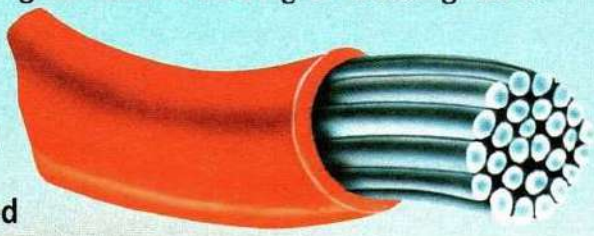
Medicine

Low powered lasers have proved invaluable in much modern surgery, most importantly in eye

operations. In many ways the eye is like a camera, and the area at the back of the eye is where the picture that we see is formed. This is called the retina and if it becomes damaged or peels away from the eye, blind spots can occur. Until the advent of lasers, operations to re-attach the retina were difficult and painful. Now a series of pulses of laser light lasting for no more than 1,000th of a second can weld the retina back onto the back of the eye. Each of these welds is tiny, much smaller than the full stop at the end of this sentence.

Industry

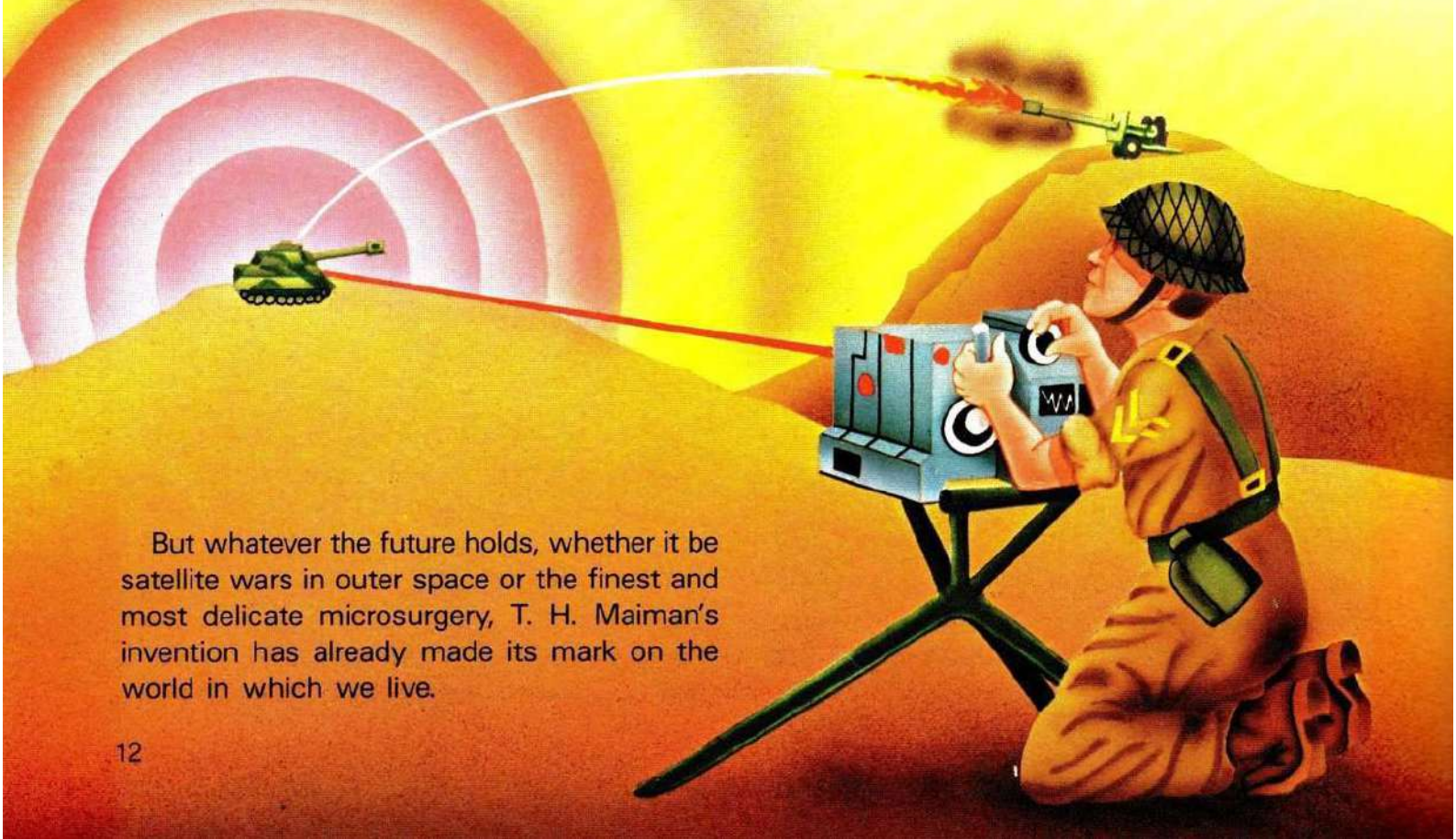
Because laser light is so highly concentrated it can burn through almost any material and so is of great use in cutting or welding. Its intense heat can boil away metals and cut holes in diamond. In communications it has proved its usefulness with the optical fibre wire, which was developed in experiments in Chicago in 1966. Before lasers, telephone messages were passed between two receivers as an electrical signal travelling down a copper wire. However, only thirty conversations can be carried by a pair of copper wires in this way at one time. The optical fibre wire, which is made from fine strands of glass, carries the message not as an electrical signal but as a beam of laser light. Apart from being much lighter than copper wire, an optical fibre can carry as many as 2,000 different telephone conversations at one time.



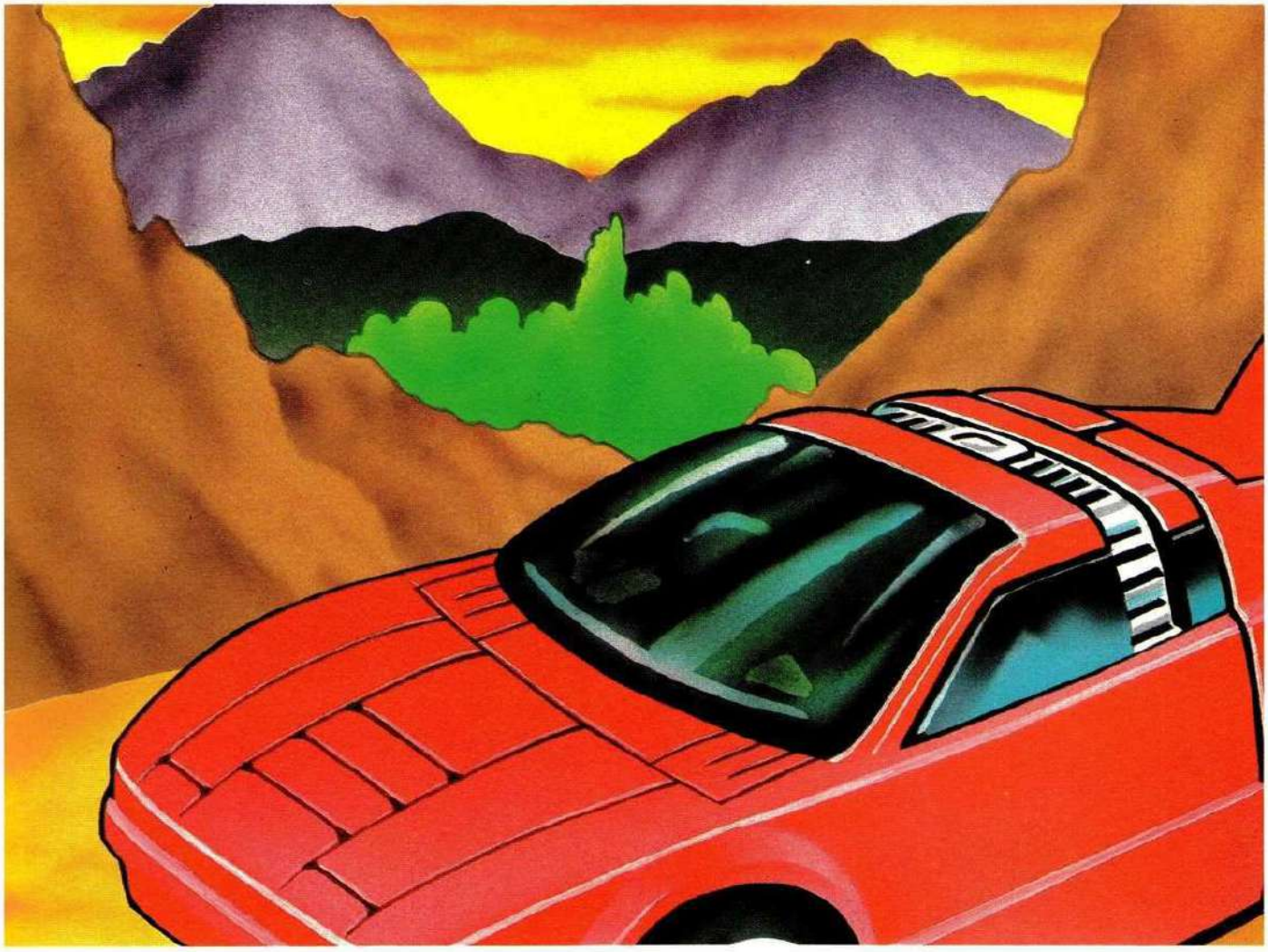
Optical Fibre Enlarged

The laser light reflects from the edges of the optical fibre, allowing the light to travel around corners.

Small lasers are used by engineers in the construction of new buildings. Because their light travels in straight lines they can be used like giant rulers. They can be used to measure distances: a laser fired at a reflector on the moon enabled scientists to calculate its distance from the earth to within 15 centimetres. They can also be used in modern warfare: if a laser is fired at an enemy target the beam will be reflected in all directions off it, and any missile equipped with the necessary homing device will be able to lock onto this reflected beam and guide itself down to the target.



But whatever the future holds, whether it be satellite wars in outer space or the finest and most delicate microsurgery, T. H. Maiman's invention has already made its mark on the world in which we live.



The Monsters and Mister Grogan

After the destruction of the mysterious giant base at Silvermoon Mine, Leader-1 left Hans-Cuff and Turbo to search the countryside around it for any further sign of GoBotronic activity. A.J. Foster and Matt Hunter rode with Hans-Cuff, who searched to the north and the east of the mine. Nick Burns rode with Turbo, who searched to the south and west.

All day the sleek maroon car from GoBotron drove up and down the mountain tracks, his sensors tingling as they scanned this way and that for any sign of the Guardians' enemies. But at sunset he had found nothing and, as the sun slipped behind the mountains and the sky grew black, he decided to return to the Command Centre. Nick Burns looked out at the darkness all around and thought of the giant base that the Guardians had destroyed. He wondered what kind of monstrous creature Cy-Kill could be working on. Leader-1 had said it would be something terrible.

Nick looked at the darkness again. "Sure gets spooky here sometimes," he said.

"Spooky?" asked Turbo, puzzled. "What does this mean?"

"Well," said Nick with a smile, "it means sort of ghostly. Spirits loose in the night. Monsters and demons, that sort of thing. Don't you read ghost stories on GoBotron?"

"I'm afraid we don't have books on GoBotron any more," said Turbo. "Our information input systems are completely electronic now."

Suddenly Turbo stopped talking and Nick asked him what was wrong.

"I'm not sure," said Turbo. "My sensors are picking up signs of GoBotronic activity. But they're a kind I don't recognise."

Turbo halted, switched off his headlights, and scanned the darkness with his sensors. Suddenly a giant black figure with horns and red glowing eyes the colour of blood leapt up and sent an enormous bolt of flame flashing down at Turbo. Turbo's damaged circuits began to fizz and crackle as he fired a beam back, but the creature had disappeared. Suddenly, the monster appeared again as Turbo was shape-changing to his GoBotronic form, and fired another bolt of flame. This time, the full force of the beam hit Turbo and sent him spinning down the steep rocky slope, bouncing over boulders, toppling over trees, and finally falling flat in a cloud of dust amongst some bushes beside a stream. Nick Burns scrambled from inside the fallen Guardian and peered back up the slope. The horned monster with red eyes was standing silhouetted by the moon. Beside Nick, Turbo lay still.

"Turbo," whispered Nick, "are you okay?"

"Listen to me, Nick," whispered the GoBot. "I have been too badly damaged to fight. That monster will be using its sensors to search for us. You must close down all my circuits before he finds us. Then go for help on your own."

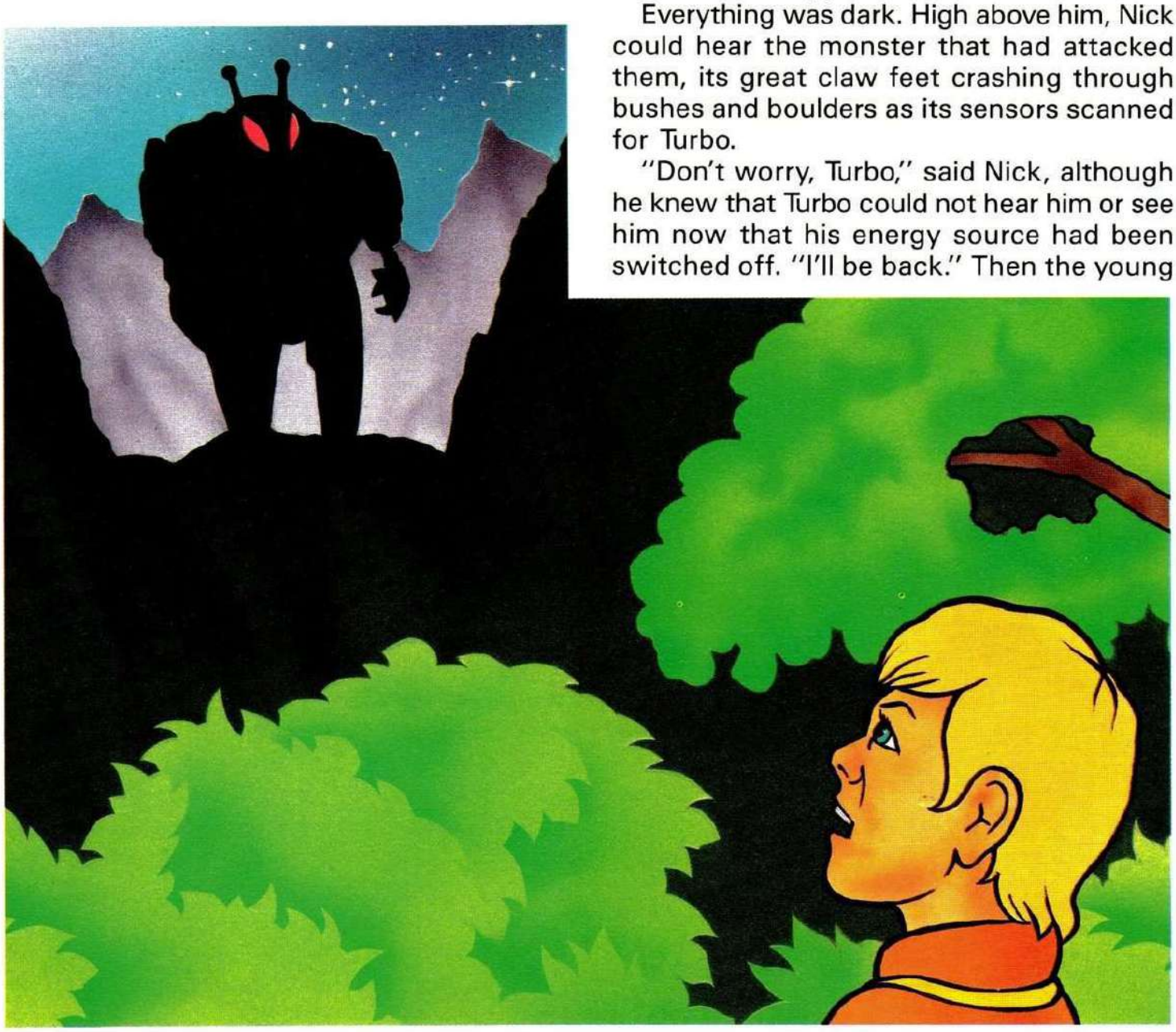
"But Turbo," whispered Nick, "I can't just leave you here."

"You must," said Turbo. "It's our only hope."

Nick looked at his brave GoBotronic friend. His shell was battered and burned, his damaged wiring was sparking. Nick reached inside the GoBot and threw his cut-off switch. His lights faded and the humming in his circuits stopped.

Everything was dark. High above him, Nick could hear the monster that had attacked them, its great claw feet crashing through bushes and boulders as its sensors scanned for Turbo.

"Don't worry, Turbo," said Nick, although he knew that Turbo could not hear him or see him now that his energy source had been switched off. "I'll be back." Then the young



space cadet began to make his way through the darkness, following the path of the stream.

He had been walking for an hour or so when he heard a great booming noise behind him. It was the monster, chasing him once more. Nick ran as fast as he could, but the thud, thud, thud of the monster's feet grew closer and closer. Nick looked behind and saw the horrible horned head and the slanting red eyes appearing around a rock. Then a hand grabbed him by the collar and pulled him into a small cave behind some bushes. Nick looked up and saw the grey whiskers and beard and wrinkled face of an old man staring into his own. "Sssssshhhh!" whispered the old man and he put a finger to his lips as the huge monster crashed past the entrance to the cave.

"Thanks," said Nick, once the monster's booming footsteps had disappeared into the distance. "Who are you?"

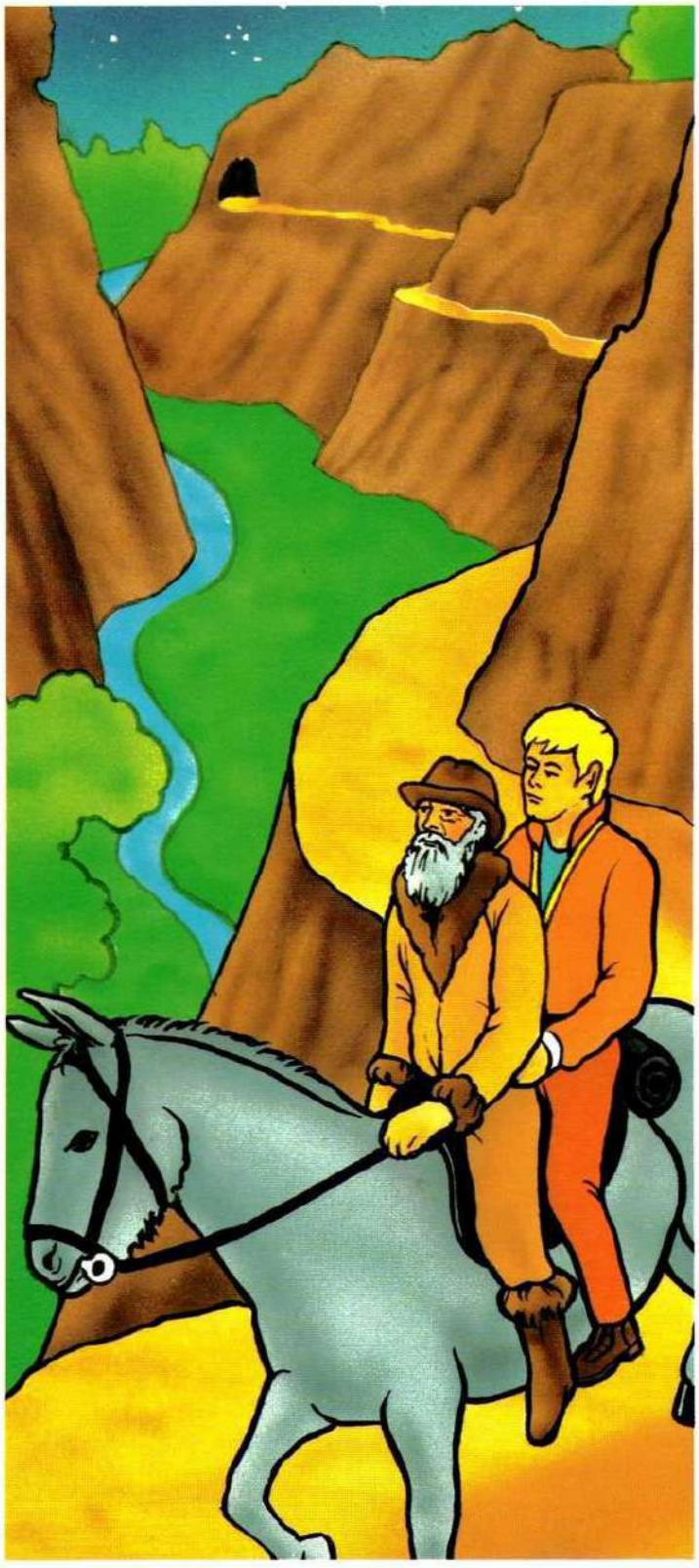
"The name's Grogan," said the old man, grinning. "Don't have another name. Plain Grogan. Nothing else. Been up here in these hills since my daddy came looking for gold when I was six. That was seventy years ago. Been here ever since. Now I figure it's time for me and Matilda to be leaving. Used to be peaceful up here. You could hear the trees talking. But these hills ain't been the same since the monsters have been here. For a while I thought I was crazy. I seen motorcycles that could talk, cars that could walk. I seen trains that could fly and demons come down from the sky."

"Like the monster that was chasing me?" asked Nick.

"That's right. Only he weren't the only one. They come down out of the sky at the Silvermoon Mine with snapping claws and stings in their tails and faces that would frighten the devil!" The old mountain man tipped back his hat, shook his head, and said, "No siree! Things aren't the way they used to be in these hills."

"Listen, Mister Grogan," said Nick, "I need your help in getting back to town. Perhaps you could show me the way."

"Ain't nobody knows these hills like old Grogan," said Mister Grogan proudly. "Like I said, me and Matilda been here all our lives.



We'll be glad to help. Anyone who's an enemy of those monsters is a friend of ours. Ain't that right, Matilda?"

Something in the cave gave a loud snort and Nick jumped in surprise. Grogan chuckled as a mule appeared out of the darkness. "Meet Matilda," he said. "She's almost as old as I am but she's as cunning as a cayote, strong as an ox, and surefooted as a mountain goat. Course sometimes she can be stubborn as a mule, but that's because she is one, I suppose."

Nick and Mister Grogan rode all through the night on Matilda's back. The old mule carried them along forest tracks, down zig-zag trails on cliffs, over mountain passes, and through secret tunnels through the rock. By morning they were miles from the mountains.

"This is far enough for me and Matilda," said Mister Grogan as Matilda stopped by the edge of the road that led into town. "We don't take too kindly to civilisation. Too much rushing around. Too much hurrying. Too much worrying. Reckon me and Matilda will head back home to the hills."

"But what about the monsters there?" said Nick.

"I been thinking while we been riding," said the old mountain man. "I ain't going to let any monsters chase me away from my home, no matter how big, bad or scary they are." He tipped his hat as Matilda turned and headed back to the mountains. "Be seeing you, pardner."

"Thanks, Mister Grogan," Nick shouted after him. "Take care."

Nick hurried to the Guardians' Command Centre where he found his friends were waiting for him.

"Where's Turbo?" they asked.

Nick told them what had happened. By the time he had finished, Leader-1 seemed worried.

"It seems that Cy-Kill has got the GoBot Monsters of the three moons to help him in his evil plans," he said seriously.

Matt asked him what the GoBot Monsters were. Leader-1 explained that the planet GoBotron had three moons — Casmodon, Falgos, and Zarios. And on each of these moons lived hideous, mutant GoBots, more evil and more powerful than any yet developed on GoBotron.

"Then we'd better go and get Turbo before those GoBot Monsters get their claws into him," said Matt.

"That's just what I intend to do," said Leader-1. "Scooter, stay with the Command Centre. Contact GoBotron and tell the Council of Guardians what has happened. We're going to need reinforcements."

Minutes later Leader-1, Heat-Seeker and Hans-Cuff were jetting towards the mountains once more. Nick directed them to the place where Turbo had fallen.

However, there was an unpleasant surprise in store for them when they got there. Turbo had been discovered. Crouched around the Guardian's damaged shell were three of the most horrible looking GoBots that Matt, A.J. or Nick had ever seen — spiky, shiny, horned and horrible. And behind them, rushing to and fro across the sand as she prepared to smash into the motionless Turbo, was Crasher.

"That's Scorp from Zarios," said Leader-1 as he dived in to attack a GoBot Monster with huge silver claws and a scorpion's tail. As Leader-1's power beams struck Scorp, the monster gave a hiss of rage and jetted up into the sky at enormous speed.

"And this one's Pincher. From Falgos," said Hans-Cuff, as he smashed into a creature with bat wings and long, gold-coloured pincers.

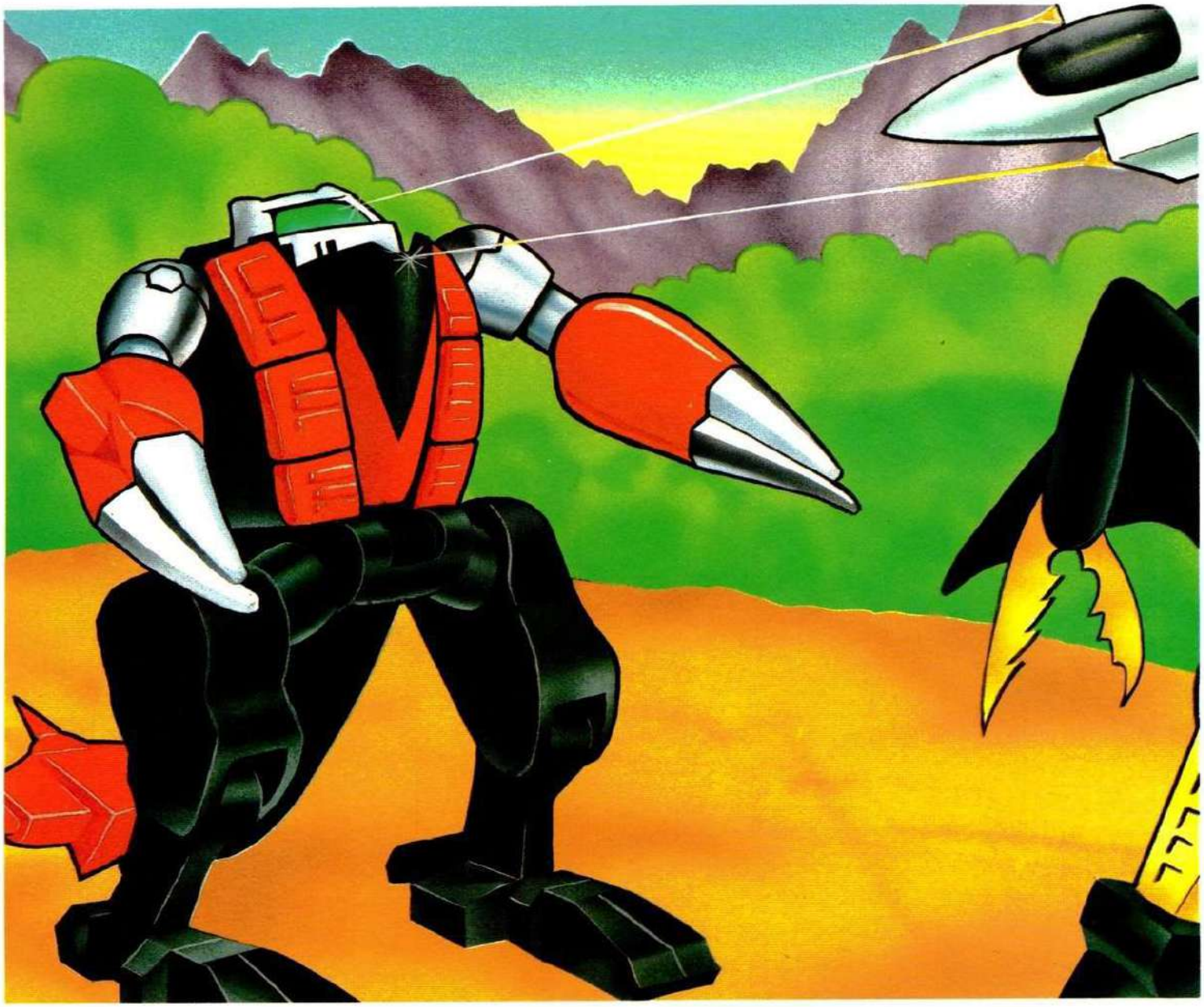
"Then you've got to be Vamp," said Heat-Seeker as he flew at the remaining monster. "I wish I could say it was a pleasure, but it isn't, so I won't." The F16 fired his own beam at the horned, demon figure of Vamp, and the GoBot Monster gave a shriek of pain and clattered his tiny crab-claws together.

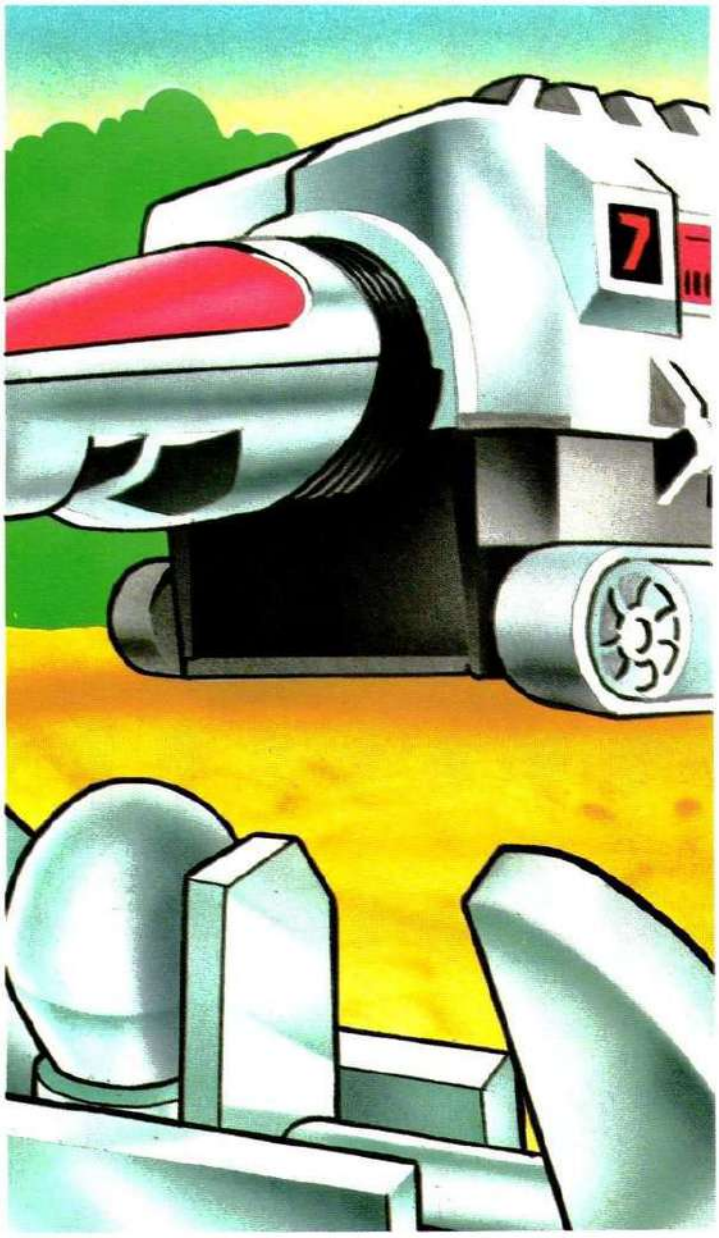
Soon a ferocious battle was taking place across the mountain side between the Guardians and the three Enemy Invaders.

"Rip them and clip them, floor them, claw them, stab them and jab them," shrieked Crasher to the monsters. "Your firepower is far greater than the feeble Guardians." Now we shall conquer and destroy EVERYTHING!"

And for a while it seemed she was right. Leader-1 sent a signal back to Scooter at the Command Centre asking for help. Then the Casmodon monster rolled towards him with its pincers snapping and sharp spikes sticking from its feet.

"If we can hold on till help gets here then we've got a chance," yelled Leader-1, jetting





up out of the way and letting Pincher's spikes stick into the rock behind.

Up and down the mountain sides the struggle raged, with the three Guardian GoBots fighting desperately for their lives. Then, when it seemed that all was lost and Leader-1, Heat-Seeker and Hans-Cuff would be destroyed, the rest of the Guardians' Earth Force — Road Ranger, Night Ranger, Dumper, Dozer, Flip-Top and Scooter — came jetting down out of the clouds and joined the fight. Faced with such a combination of strength, even the awesome firepower of the invaders was useless, and with angry, chattering shrieks the three GoBot Monsters fled.

"So!" screamed Crasher defiantly from where she stood over the fallen, battered shape of the brave Turbo, "you stupid GoodBots win again! But not completely. For before I go I shall trash your worthless friend, Turbo!"

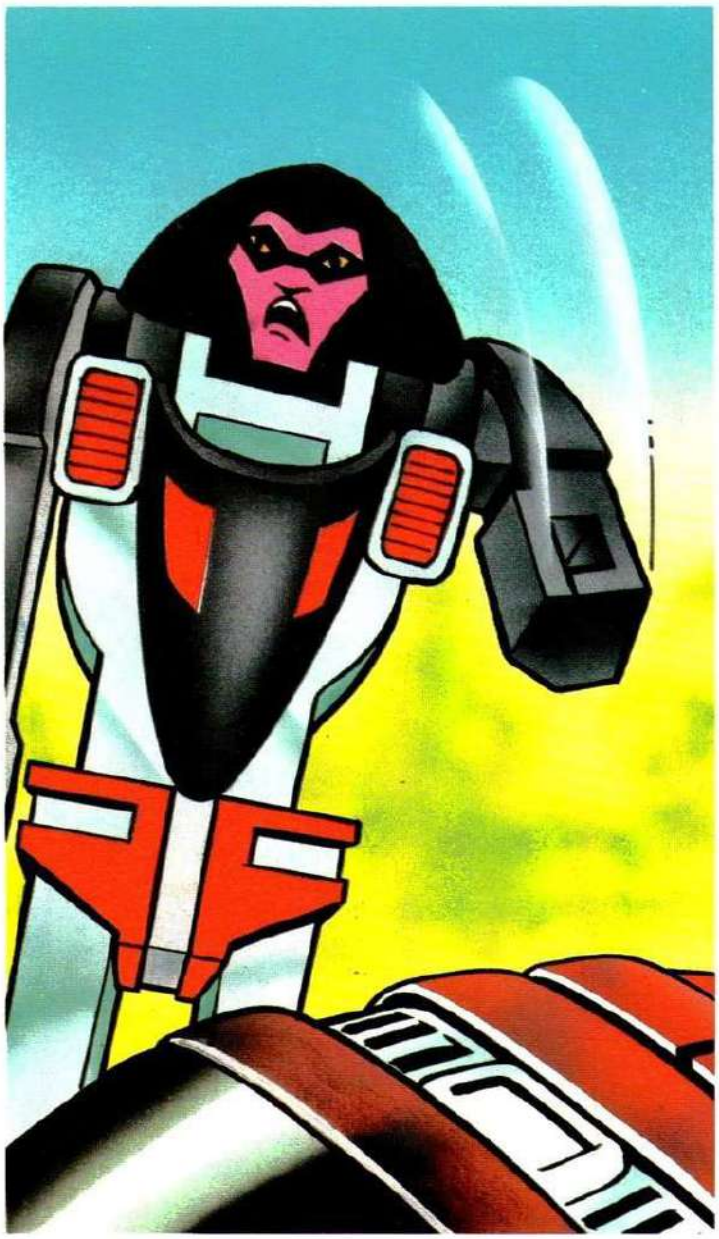
From the far side of the valley the Guardians watched in horror as the wicked witch of GoBotron raised a steel arm to smash and trash their friend. But then suddenly, before she could do so, a boulder fell down from the cliff and knocked her flat. It had been pushed down by Matilda and Mister Grogan! With a shriek of rage, Crasher shoved the boulder aside and fled.

"Thanks Mister Grogan," Nick shouted to the old mountain man.

"Don't mention it, pardner," shouted back the old man. "Ain't had me so much fun since I wrestled me a grizzly that was sleeping in my cave last winter."

"Well," said Scooter, as he and his friends helped carry Turbo back to the Command Centre, "it looks like we've won again."

"Don't be too sure," warned Leader-1 gravely. "With the Enemy Invaders to help the Renegades, the fight is going to be tougher than ever."



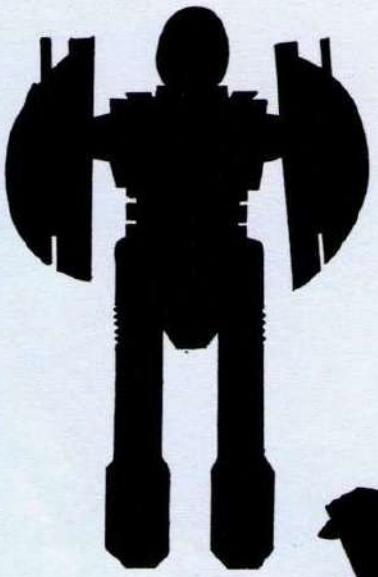
Scooter's Training Programme

GoBot Recognition: Part One

The first time that Matt, A.J. and Nick witnessed a battle between the Guardians and the Renegades, they could hardly believe their eyes. The fighting was faster and more ferocious than any they had ever seen. Travelling at speeds of seven and eight hundred miles an hour and operating energy beams of awesome destructive power, the GoBots sometimes had no more than a split second to identify friend from foe and decide upon a battle plan. Back at the Command Centre, Leader-1 explained how the GoBot sensors are linked to information stored in their computers. Their computer systems are then able to identify any other GoBot immediately.

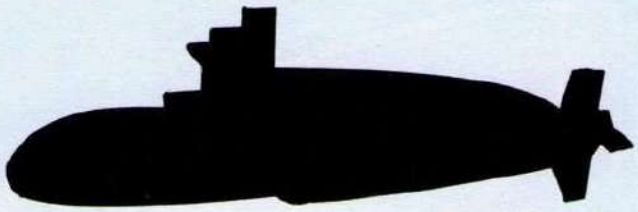
However, GoBot recognition was not so easy for the Guardians' three young Earth friends. So, with the help of the Command Centre's Indenti-Scanner and computer, Scooter devised a training programme for the space pilot and his two cadets. Why don't you try it? See if your responses are as quick as theirs.

Here is what you do. First look at the seven silhouettes on this page. Some are in GoBotronic shape, some are in Earth shape. See if you can give each one its code name, its description, and its battle status as friend or enemy. Check your answers against the computer's Training Data Print Out on page 61. But don't get too confident! Remember, this is just part one of the test. Part two isn't quite so simple!

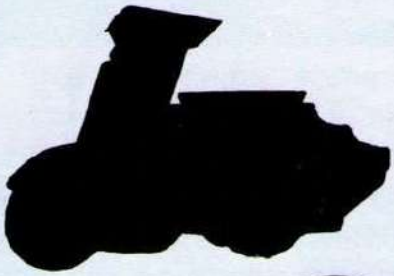


1

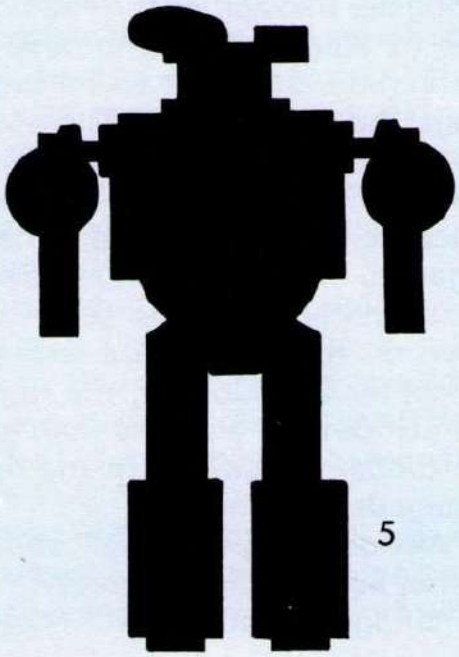
2



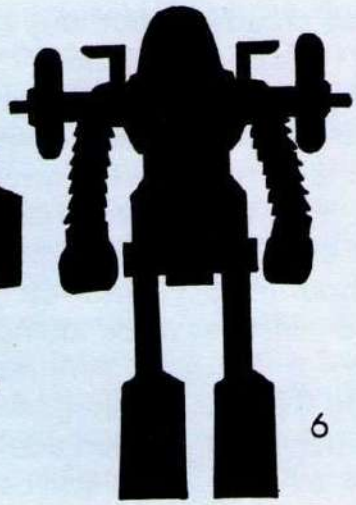
3



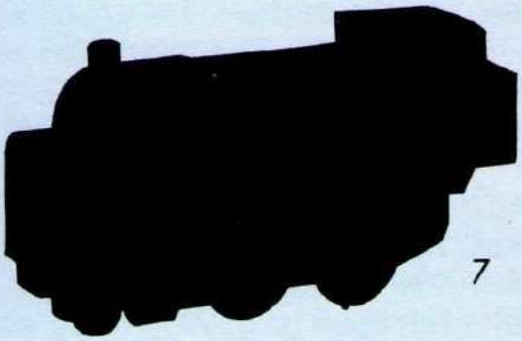
4



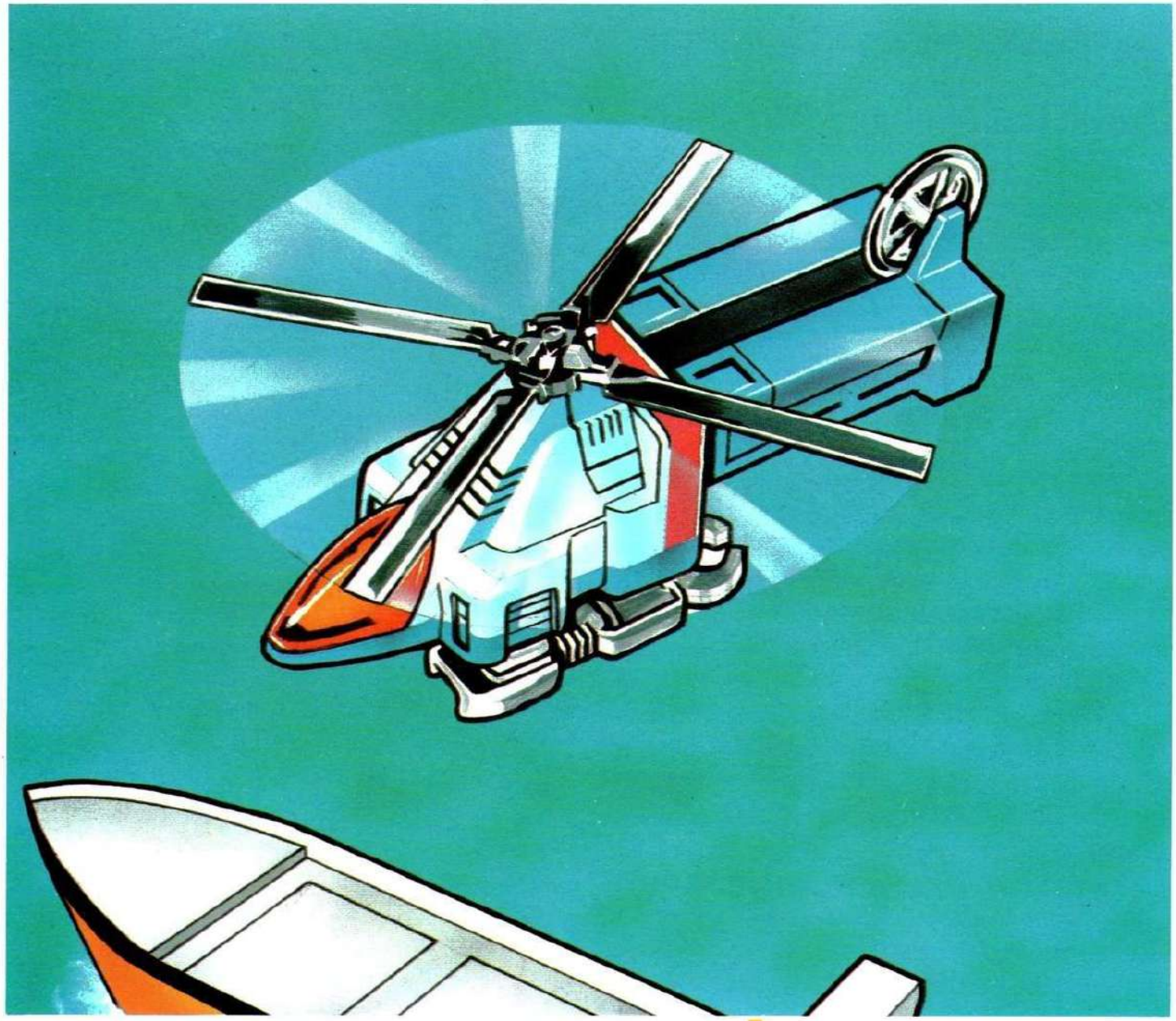
5



6



7



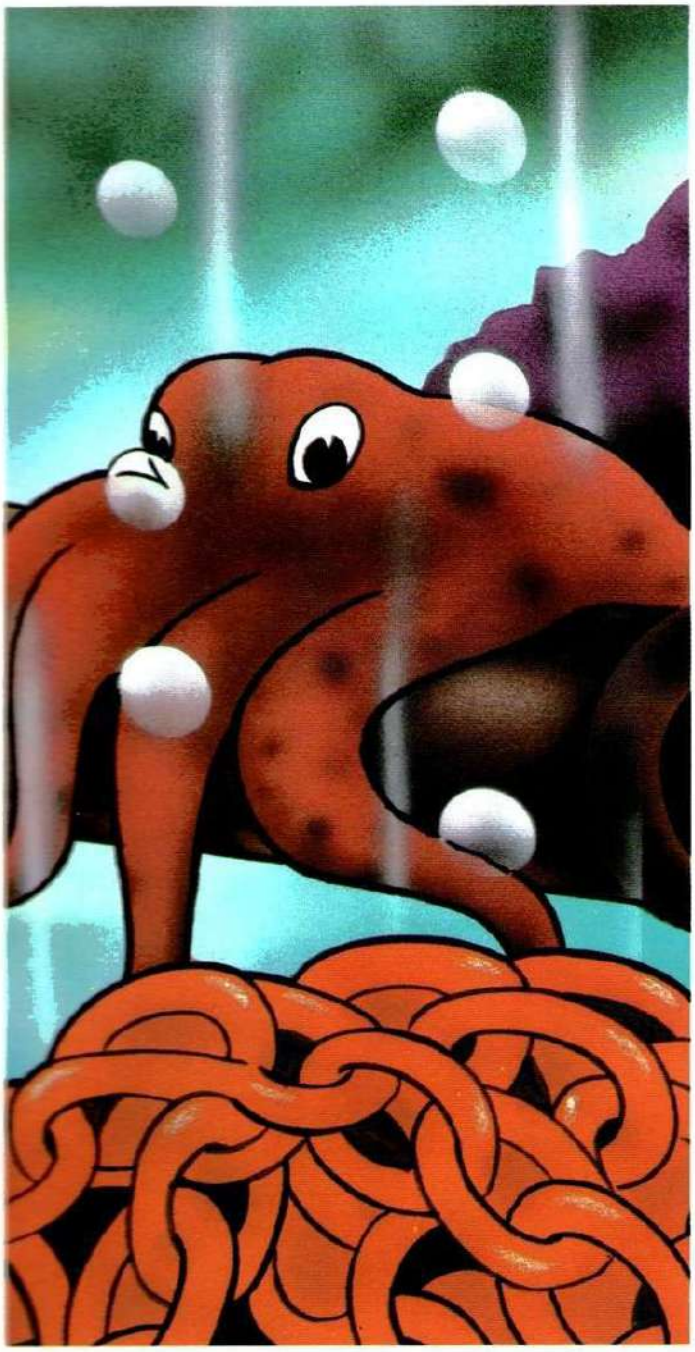
CAPTAIN CLEGG'S DREAM

Captain Clegg had been the captain of the *Global Trader* for twenty years. Now he was sailing his ship across the Pacific for the last time, for when the old cargo ship reached her destination, she was to be broken up for scrap. The sea was calm. There was no wind. Her speed was six knots, her course steady ahead. Suddenly, a strangely shaped helicopter flew overhead. The helicopter began to make a strange, low, humming noise, and within a few seconds the entire crew of the ship were asleep. For the helicopter was Cop-Tur, the rogue chopper from GoBotron, and less than an hour later the *Global Trader* was in the hands of the Renegades.

"Well done, my warriors!" shouted Cy-Kill, the Renegades' mad motorcycle leader, from the bridge of the ship. "Thanks to Herr Fiend's Hypnosonic Oscillator Module this ship is ours. Now, safe from discovery in the Southern Ocean, I shall use the ship as a base to complete my work on the GoBot that will destroy the gruesome Guardians once and for all. For when he is completed, nothing will be able to withstand the might of Zod!"

"His great wheels will crash them, his great jaws will smash them, his great teeth will gnash them!" screamed Crasher dementedly. Then she saw Professor Braxis putting the unconscious sailors into a lifeboat. "Earth idiot! Fool! What are you doing?"

"We have no need for them," replied the Renegades' evil human ally. "I shall cast them adrift in an open boat. When they wake we will be far away in the Southern Ocean."



"Of course we have no need for them," roared Cy-Kill, his engine racing angrily. "But did you think we would let them live? Even you, Professor Braxis, suffer from the foolish human trait of mercy. If they are rescued there will be a search, and a search would interfere with the completion of my greatest GoBotronic creation. Cop-Tur, tie them to the anchor chain and drop them in the ocean!"

Cop-Tur used his huge GoBotic strength to haul the anchor chain off the winch and wrap it around the lifeboat as if it were string. Eventually the lifeboat was almost entirely wrapped in a huge knotted ball of rusty chain. Cop-Tur picked up the ball in his grab, spun the rotor on the end of his arm, and lifted the helpless, sleeping sailors up into the sky. Then he let go. The ball splashed down into the ocean. Cop-Tur gave a cruel laugh and flew back to the *Global Trader* as it sailed on.

Behind the ship, the lifeboat sank deeper and deeper beneath the waves, with the sleeping crew still trapped inside it. Down past dolphins and sea snakes and an octopus clinging to a rusty cannon, past an anchor hooked into the edge of a cliff with its chain dangling beneath it, past a skeleton stuck in a tree of coral — until a great grey shape suddenly loomed out of the blue water at them. It was Dive Dive, the GoBotronic submarine, sent on a mission to find a sunken galleon, by Scooter. His super-sensitive GoBotronic sonar system had picked up the sounds of Cy-Kill's evil ravings and he had sailed underwater to investigate — just in time to rescue the *Global Trader's* crew.

Back at the Command Centre, Leader-1 was worried. Since the arrival on the Earth of the Enemy Invaders, the struggle against the Renegades had gone badly. Turbo had been damaged in an attack by Vamp, the Casmodon Monster. Road Ranger, Night Ranger and Flip Top were all in need of repairs after an ambush by Scorp, the Zarios Monster, whilst Heat-Seeker had suffered damage in a courageous but reckless attack on Pincher, the Falgos Monster. What made matters worse still was that Cy-Kill and the other Renegades had vanished.

"He's planning something big in that warped motor mind," warned Leader-1. "But until we defeat the Enemy Invaders we cannot spend the time searching for him."

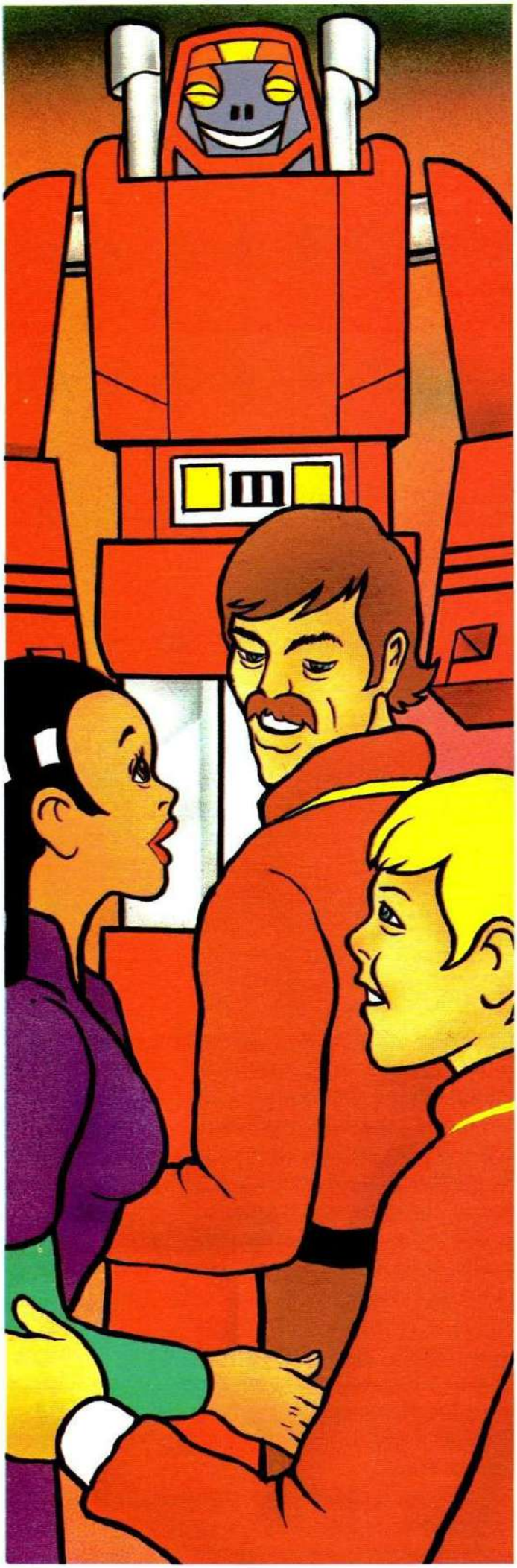
"But how can we possibly defeat them?" asked Nick. "We can't match their firepower."

"Our scientists on GoBotron are working on a GoBot powerful enough to combat the monsters," said Leader-1. "But it will take some time to complete."

"Then in the meantime we've got to figure out some other way of stopping those bug-eyed bogeymen," said Matt.

"That's just what I've been doing while you were out fighting," said Scooter. "According to the computer, it should be simple. All we have to do is repair Heat-Seeker and let him lead the GoBot Monsters into a trap."

"It's nice of the computer to say so," complained Heat-Seeker from where he lay underneath the repair lasers. "And just where



does the computer say we should lay the trap?"

Scooter went to work on the computer and a map appeared on the screen. "Here," he said, "in the old quarry. You lead them into one of its deepest pits and then Dozer and Dumper tip eighteen thousand tonnes of concrete on them. According to the computer that should be enough to hold them."

Matt, Nick and Scooter's fellow Guardians stared at the young GoBot as if he had gone mad.

"Either you or the computer have got a couple of loose connections," said Matt. "Where can we get eighteen thousand tonnes of concrete?"

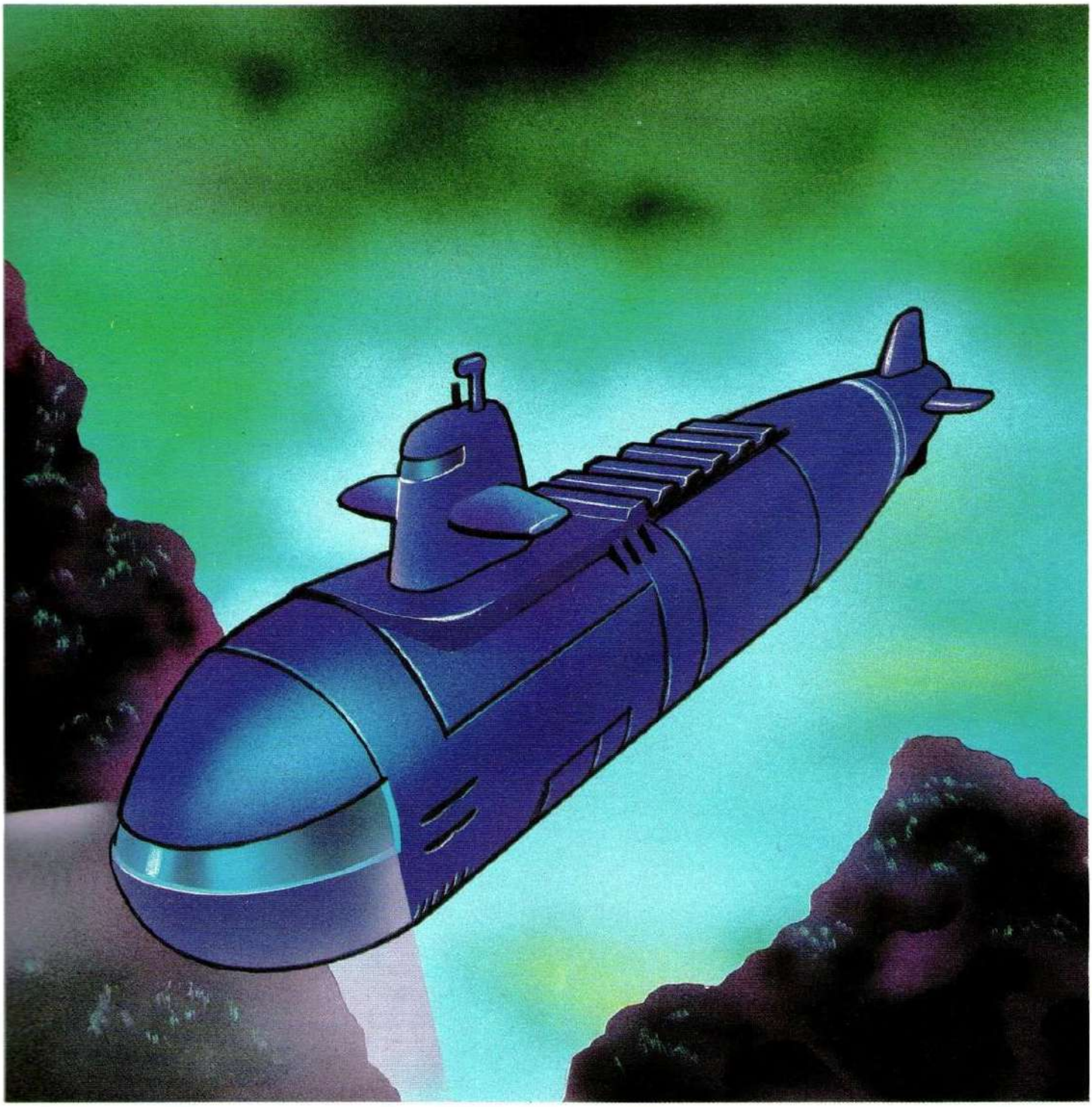
"The computer has arranged for its purchase. Dozer and Dumper have already begun to collect it," exclaimed Scooter excitedly.

"Now I know that you and your computer have got your circuits scrambled," exclaimed Matt. "Where could a computer find enough money to buy that much concrete?"

"From the pirate galleon, of course!" said the smallest of the Guardians. "I might not be as tough as you BigBots, but that doesn't mean I can't help. We got Dive Dive to get the gold from the pirate ship and bought the concrete and found the quarry and started to take the concrete there and . . ." The little GoBot's voice trailed off nervously. "I haven't done wrong, have I?" he asked Leader-1 timidly.

"Scooter, why don't you stop, let your circuits slow down, and then explain your plan to us slowly, from the beginning," said Leader-1 gently.

Scooter sat quietly for a moment and then explained. He said that when the Guardians had begun to suffer damage at the hands of the Enemy Invaders he and the computer had decided to see what they could do to help. First Scooter had thought of the trap, then the computer had worked out how much concrete they would need. Scooter had linked up to the computer in the town's history museum. He had discovered from documents there that three hundred years ago a Spanish galleon carrying gold had sunk off the coast of Peru. Then Scooter and the computer had linked up to the navy computers and studied charts of the reefs, currents and weather conditions in the area.



And then they had sent Dive Dive to find the gold.

"As soon as he brought back the first load we began to buy the concrete," said Scooter, beginning to get excited once again. "We should be ready to spring the trap within a day or so."

"Then what are you waiting for?" demanded Heat-Seeker. "The sooner you get to work with your repair lasers, the sooner I'll be bashing the BadBots again."

Later that day, just as they were putting the finishing touches to Heat-Seeker's repairs, the signal light in the Command Centre's communication module lit up. Scooter worked the Command Centre's decoding system and the message lit up on the screen. It was from Dive Dive, and it said that Cy-Kill and the Renegades had stolen the *Global Trader* and were working on an enormous GoBot.

"Shall we go after them?" asked Nick.

"Not yet," said Leader-1. "With so many of our GoBots damaged, we wouldn't stand a chance against the Renegades AND the Enemy Invaders. Scooter, ask the computer what chance we've got against the Enemy Invaders if we spring our trap now."

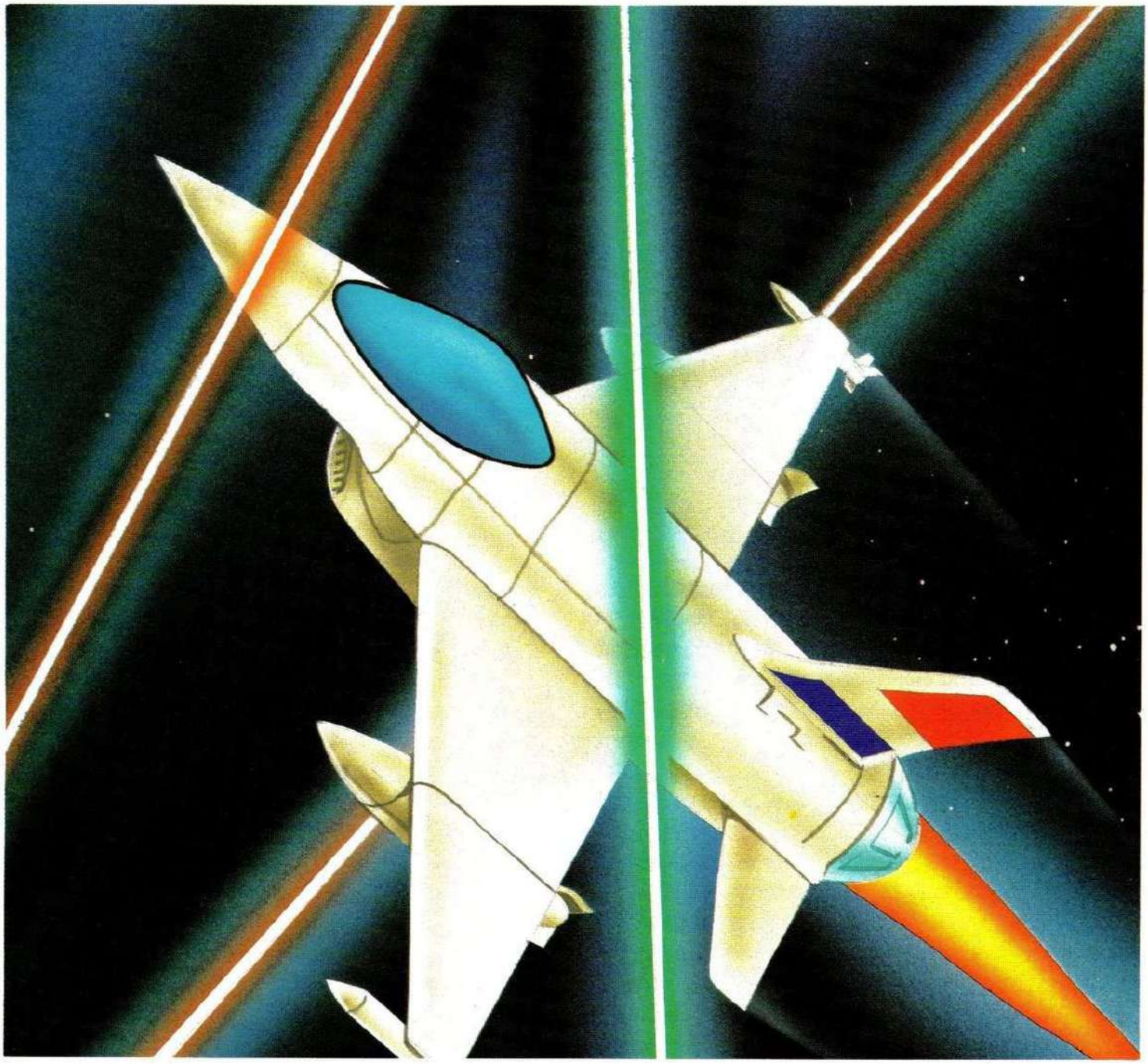
One again Scooter busied himself at the communications systems and the computer. "Dumper and Dozer say that they have only got seven thousand tonnes of concrete there

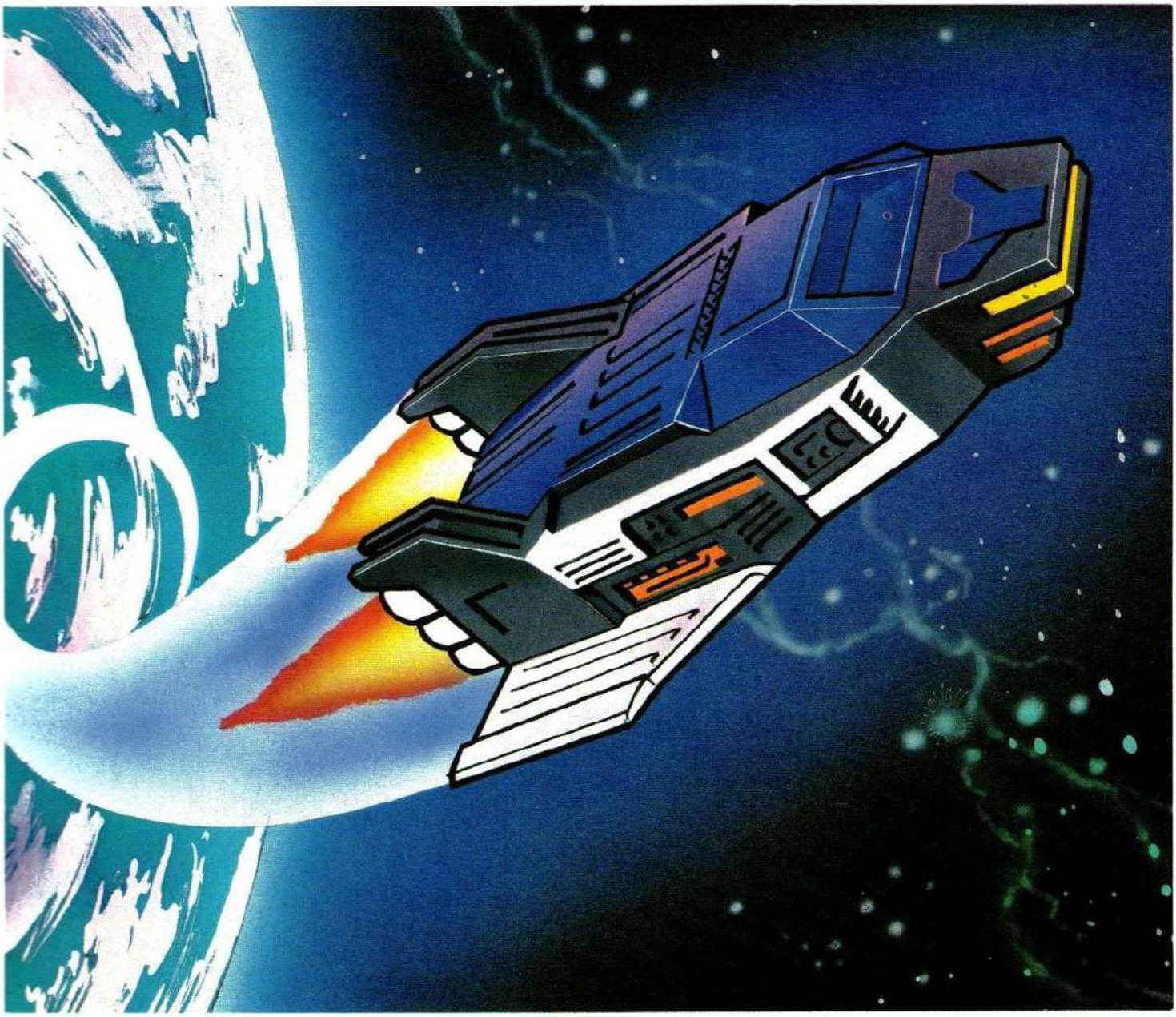
so far. According to the computer it should be enough to keep them quiet for twenty-four hours."

"Then let's do it," said Leader-1.

An hour later Heat-Seeker was circling the skies alone, waiting to be spotted by the Enemy Invaders. Suddenly Scorp came screeching out from behind a mountain, making his terrible clicking insect noises and firing his deadly power beams. Leader-1 dived to the right to avoid the beam and then twisted to the left as Pincher and Vamp appeared in front of him. The F16 from GoBotron twisted and turned in the air, weaving between the deadly bolts of energy that the Monsters of Casmodon, Zarios and Falgos sent snaking out at him, and only his superb manoeuvrability and flying skills saved him from certain destruction.

He hovered in forests, unseen, while the three Enemy Invaders criss-crossed the sky above him, shrieking and twittering angrily as they looked for him. He hid for a while behind a giant waterfall and then in a railway tunnel, and all the time the deadly game of hide and seek took him closer and closer to the quarry. Eventually, the three Enemy Invaders had him cornered in the quarry's deepest pit. The Monsters reached their deadly snapping claws towards him, and prepared to fire their beams. As they did so, F16 jetted straight up into the air and Dozer and Dumper began to shove thousands of tonnes of concrete down into the pit. The three Enemy Invaders struggled for a while, their wings beating and their claws snapping like ants stuck in syrup. Then they were completely covered and a great cheer went





up from Dumper and Dozer at the top of the quarry.

"Signal Leader-1," said Heat-Seeker. "BadBots buried!"

As soon as Heat-Seeker's message was flashed back to the Command Centre, Leader-1 and the other undamaged Guardians set off for the Southern Ocean leaving Scooter at the Command Centre's computer. Heat-Seeker joined them on their flight. It was just going dark as they saw the *Global Trader* on the horizon and sped in low over the water to attack. As they approached, they saw Thruster, the Renegades' giant spaceship, on the deck of the freighter, and Cy-Kill, Crasher and Cop-Tur were loading something on board. Leader-1 caught sight of huge wheels, snapping jaws, and a square staring eye, and then the loading doors of the spaceship were closed.

"You may have saved the *Global Trader,* but you are too late to save yourselves," shouted Cy-Kill, as the GoBots fired their power beams at the huge spaceship as it rose up into the air. "Next time we meet, you will have to face the awesome power of Zod!" Then, faster than any of the Guardians could give chase, Thruster sped away.

As it did so, Dive Dive surfaced beside the *Global Trader.* "Quickly," he shouted, "help me get these sailors aboard before they wake up!"

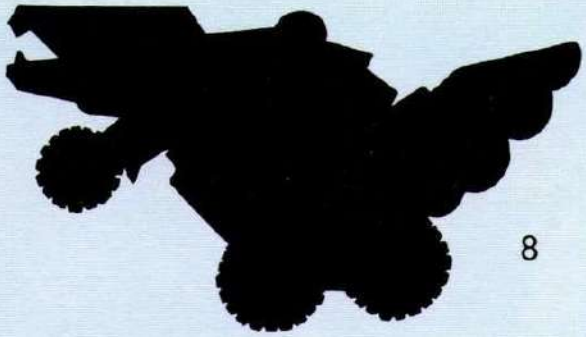
Leader-1 reached out his huge GoBotronic grabs and gently lifted the crew of the *Global Trader* back aboard their ship.

Moments later, as the Guardians jetted away towards their Command Centre, Captain Clegg woke up. "You know," he said, turning to his first officer, who was yawning and stretching beside him, "I must have dozed off. I've just had the strangest dream."

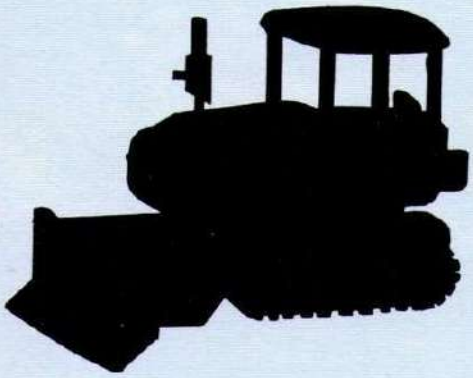
Scooter's Training Programme

GoBot Recognition: Part Two

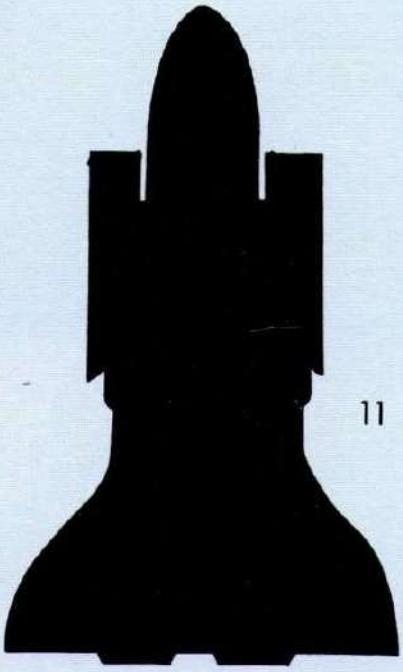
Here are more silhouettes from the Command Centre's Indenti-Scan Screen. Once again see if you can recognise them, give their Earth classification, their code name, and their battle status, and then check your answers against the Training Data Print Out on page 61. When you think you can recognise all fourteen shapes, trace or copy them onto pieces of card. Copy the information from the Training Data Print Out onto the back of each card, then shuffle the cards and try the test again. When Matt and his friends had finished their training they could identify all fourteen GoBots correctly in less than a minute. Once you can do the same it will be safe for you to enter the battle zone and join the fight against the Renegades. But, once again, don't get too confident. Remember, the GoBot computers can do the same test in one ten thousandth of a second!



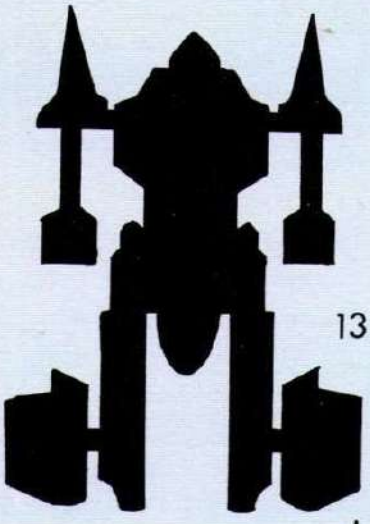
8



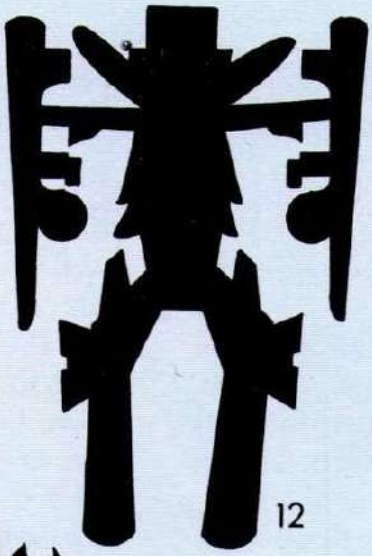
10



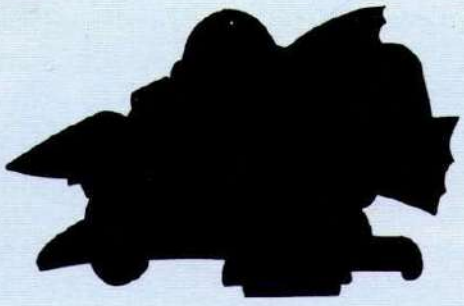
11



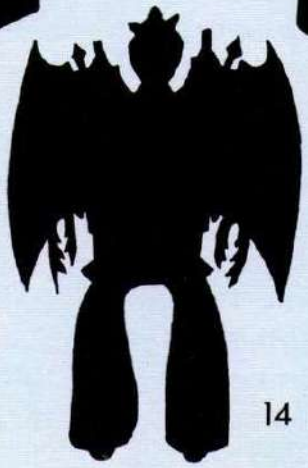
13



12



9



14

THE PROFESSOR'S NEW BABY

Scooter had been gulping down a can of oil in the Command Centre's cafeteria when Leader-1 and Matt Hunter came in. Leader-1 said he had a job for the young GoBot. Scooter asked what it was. Leader-1 told him that the Guardian scientists on GoBotron had finished the new GoBot they had been developing to combat the threat of the Enemy Invaders.

"I want you and Matt to go to GoBotron and collect it," said Leader-1. "Matt can travel in Spay-C. Spay-C knows all the hyperspace routes. You should be back on Earth with our new ally in two hours if you start immediately."

"All right," said Scooter, swallowing the last of his oil, "let's get going."

Matt and Scooter went down the Command Centre's automatic elevator and found Spay-C recharging his power systems at the refuelling point.

"Welcome aboard, Matt," said the GoBotronic Space Shuttle as he opened a hatch to let Matt climb inside. Then with his mighty jet engines roaring and with Scooter hanging onto his tail fin, he jetted up from the Command Centre, through the clouds, and out into space. Soon the Earth was a tiny blue ball behind them.

"Hang on tight, Scooter," said Spay-C.

"That's just what I *am* doing," shouted the smallest of the Guardians.

"We're accelerating to hyperspace now," said Spay-C.

"You mean you can go even faster than this?" asked Scooter nervously as the stars and planets seemed to grow brighter. Then they began to twist into snaking patterns of light as Spay-C weaved his way down the winding time-tunnels of hyperspace. Moments later they were landing on GoBotron where Professor Von Joy was waiting to greet them.

The Professor was one of GoBotron's most brilliant scientists and he was shaped like a giant grey Porsche. Once he had been one of the most evil and boastful GoBots on the planet, but he had been captured by the Guardians and they had managed to reprogram his circuits. Now he was no longer evil. However, he was as boastful as ever.

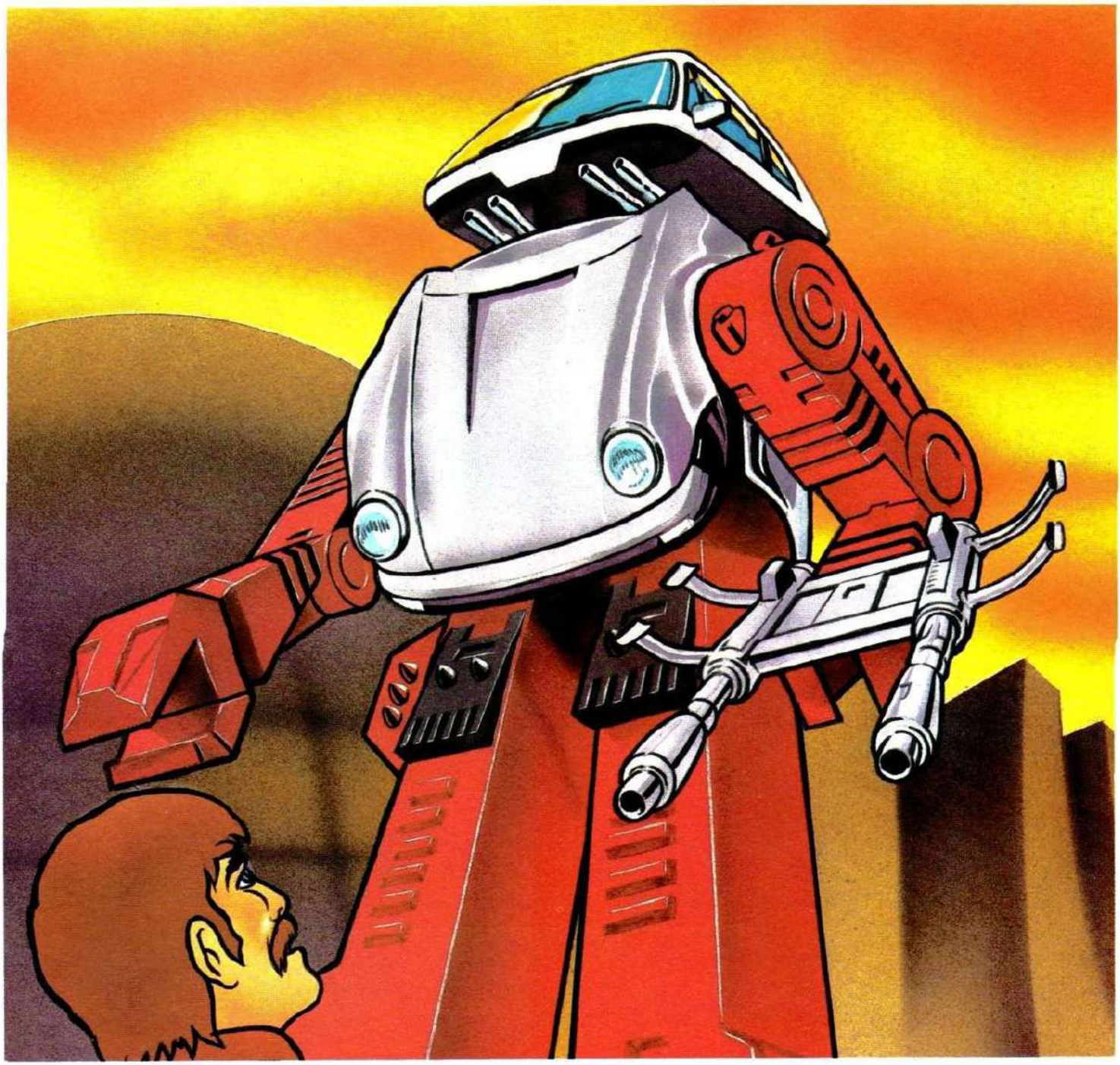
"Welcome, fine friends," boomed the Professor, stretching up on huge red plastic legs, his wing mirrors and windscreen glowing with pride. "It is a privilege for you to meet me, but you need not bow or kneel. Such vanities are long forgotten! Now my awesome intelligence is sworn to fight injustice, my glorious GoBotronic genius seeks only the greater good, my supreme . . ."

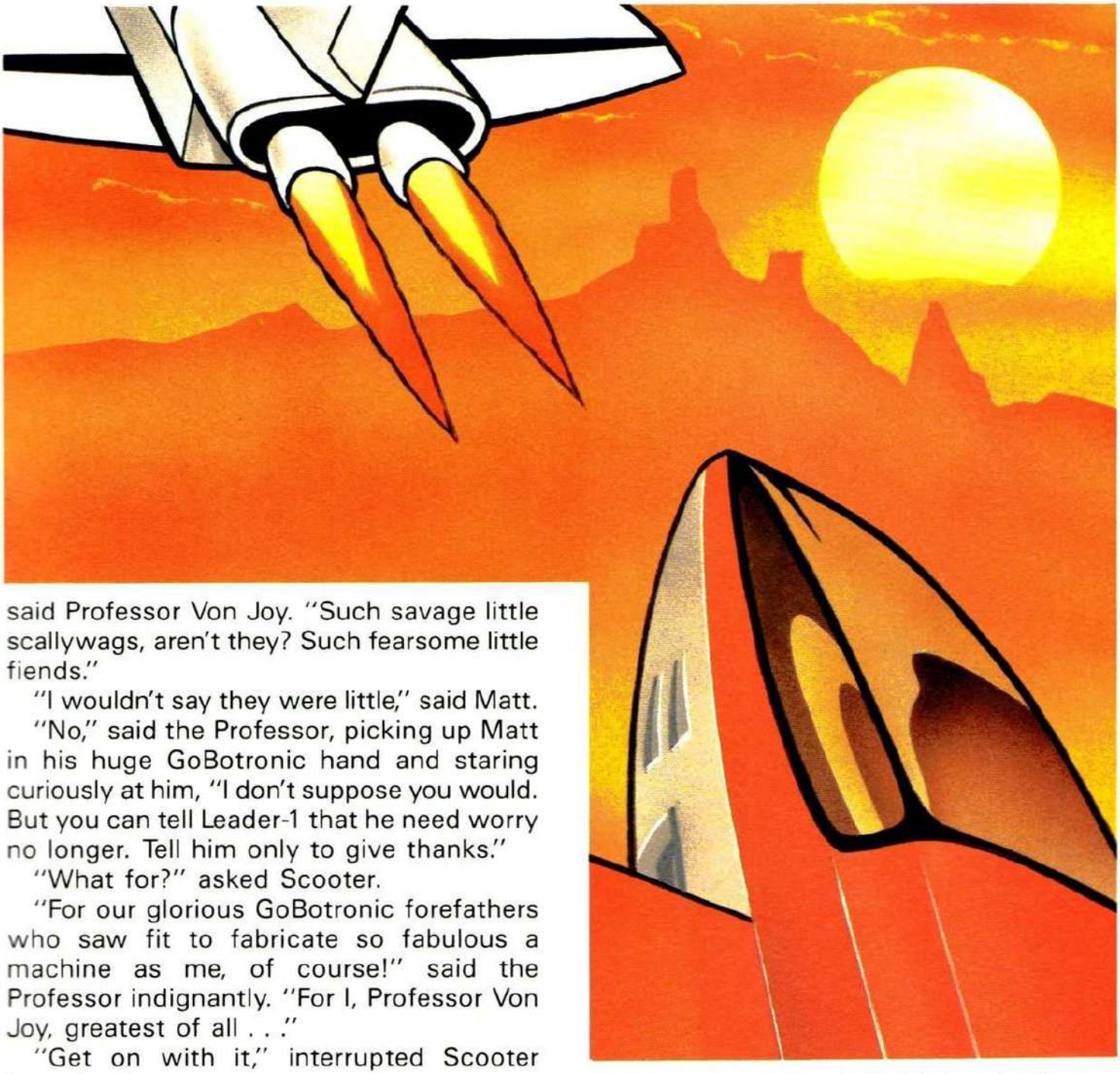
"We've come for the new GoBot you've built to help us fight the Enemy Invaders," interrupted Scooter.

"Ah, the Monsters of Casmodon, Falgos and Zarios," sighed the Professor. "I remember those mischief mutants well."

"We call them Vamp, Pincher and Scorp," said Matt.

"Do you, my fine Earth friend, do you?"





said Professor Von Joy. "Such savage little scallywags, aren't they? Such fearsome little fiends."

"I wouldn't say they were little," said Matt.

"No," said the Professor, picking up Matt in his huge GoBotronic hand and staring curiously at him, "I don't suppose you would. But you can tell Leader-1 that he need worry no longer. Tell him only to give thanks."

"What for?" asked Scooter.

"For our glorious GoBotronic forefathers who saw fit to fabricate so fabulous a machine as me, of course!" said the Professor indignantly. "For I, Professor Von Joy, greatest of all . . ."

"Get on with it," interrupted Scooter impatiently.

"I, the greatest, kindest, sweetest, and most loyal of the Guardian GoBots," said Professor Von Joy, frowning at Scooter, "have created the power system five GoBots. Lasers and gentlebots, I give you the Battle Suit!"

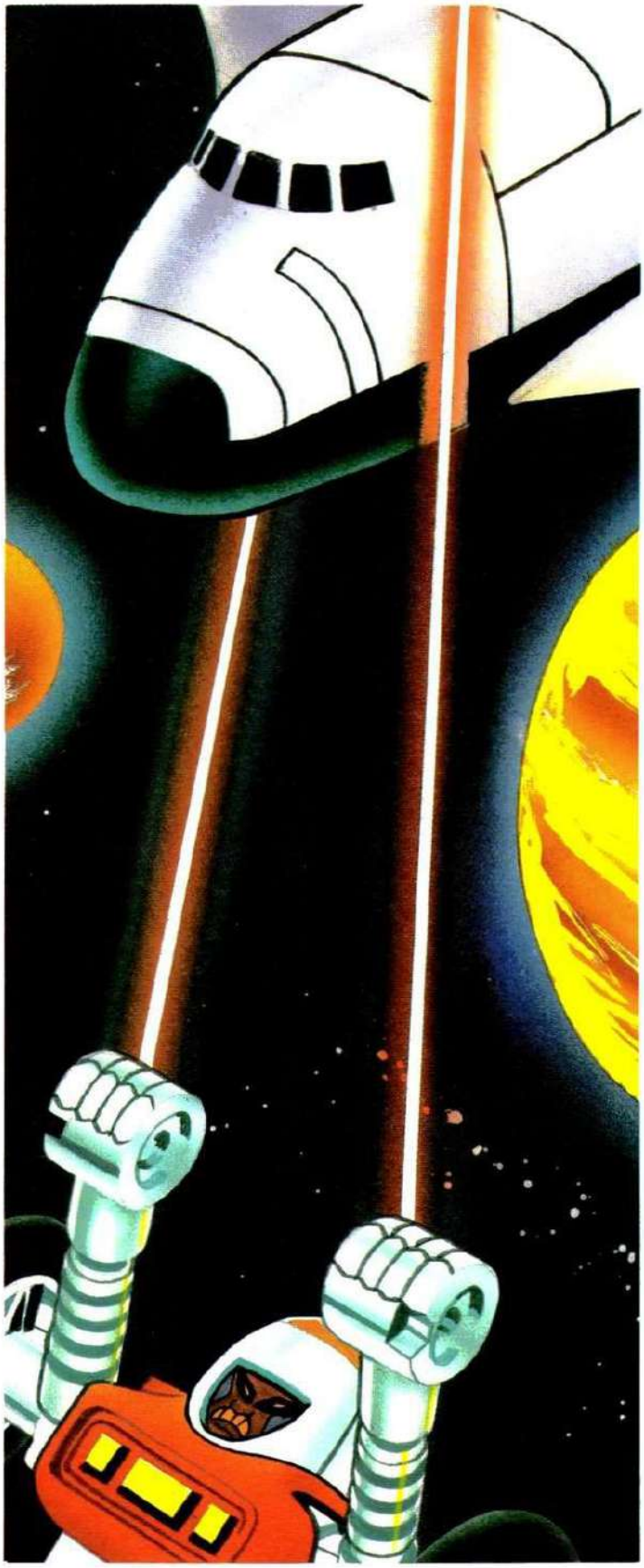
Huge steel doors behind the barmy Professor slid up to reveal five new GoBots. "Inside these machines you will be able to generate three times more firepower. You can operate them independently, or like this." The Professor activated a switch and the five new GoBots suddenly twisted, stretched, and folded up together into one giant robot. Matt, Scooter and Spay-C stared up at the gigantic creature in amazement. Then Scooter picked up Matt and jetted up to the compartment in Battle Suit's head. "Please, Scooter," said the Professor as Scooter began to operate Battle Suit's controls, "be careful with my baby."

"Don't worry, Professor," said Matt as Battle Suit jetted up into the orange GoBotron sky behind Spay-C. "We'll get your baby to Earth safe and sound. And when we do, those Renegades are sure in for a surprise."

"This is easier than hanging onto Spay-C's tail," exclaimed Scooter as he operated Battle Suit's controls and sent the huge GoBot zooming through an asteroid belt. The GoBotronic Space Shuttle could only just keep up. Then, as Scooter slowed down to let Spay-C pull ahead again, three brightly coloured spaceships appeared in the sky in

front of them. They were Daidenjin, Vavilos and Biodragon, GoBots from the peaceful planet of Godaikin. They exchanged greetings with Spay-C and Scooter and then began to talk in a language that Matt could not understand. Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, they disappeared once again.

"What did they want?" asked Matt, still blinking in amazement.



"They were warning us," said Scooter. "They have seen the Enemy Invaders in the space lanes searching for us."

"And we have found you, fools!" shrieked a familiar voice, and Cy-Kill zoomed out from behind an asteroid with the three GoBot Monsters following him. Two ferocious blasts of laser energy struck Spay-C, and the damaged GoBot went spinning through space, trailing smoke behind him. "See," yelled the mad Renegade motorcycle, "you cannot defeat us! Even with the treacherous Professor's latest invention you are no match for us. Once we have destroyed you, the Battle Suit will be ours. With the Battle Suit and the mighty Zod your loathsome leader will be defeated forever."

"That's what you think," said Scooter, opening a hatch in Battle Suit's knee for the damaged, smoking shape of Spay-C. "You have to catch us first."

Scooter opened up Battle Suit to full speed and jetted away from the asteroids with the Renegade leader and his Monsters in pursuit.

"Why don't you stay and fight?" asked Matt. "The Professor said that Battle Suit would increase your firepower three times."

"Spay-C's too badly damaged to fight," said Scooter. "We've got to get him back to the Command Centre. Anyway, I'm too busy flying this thing to fight them."

"Then why not let me fly it?" asked Matt. "You could try to hold them off with the gun arm."

"But Matt," protested Scooter, "I don't think that . . ."

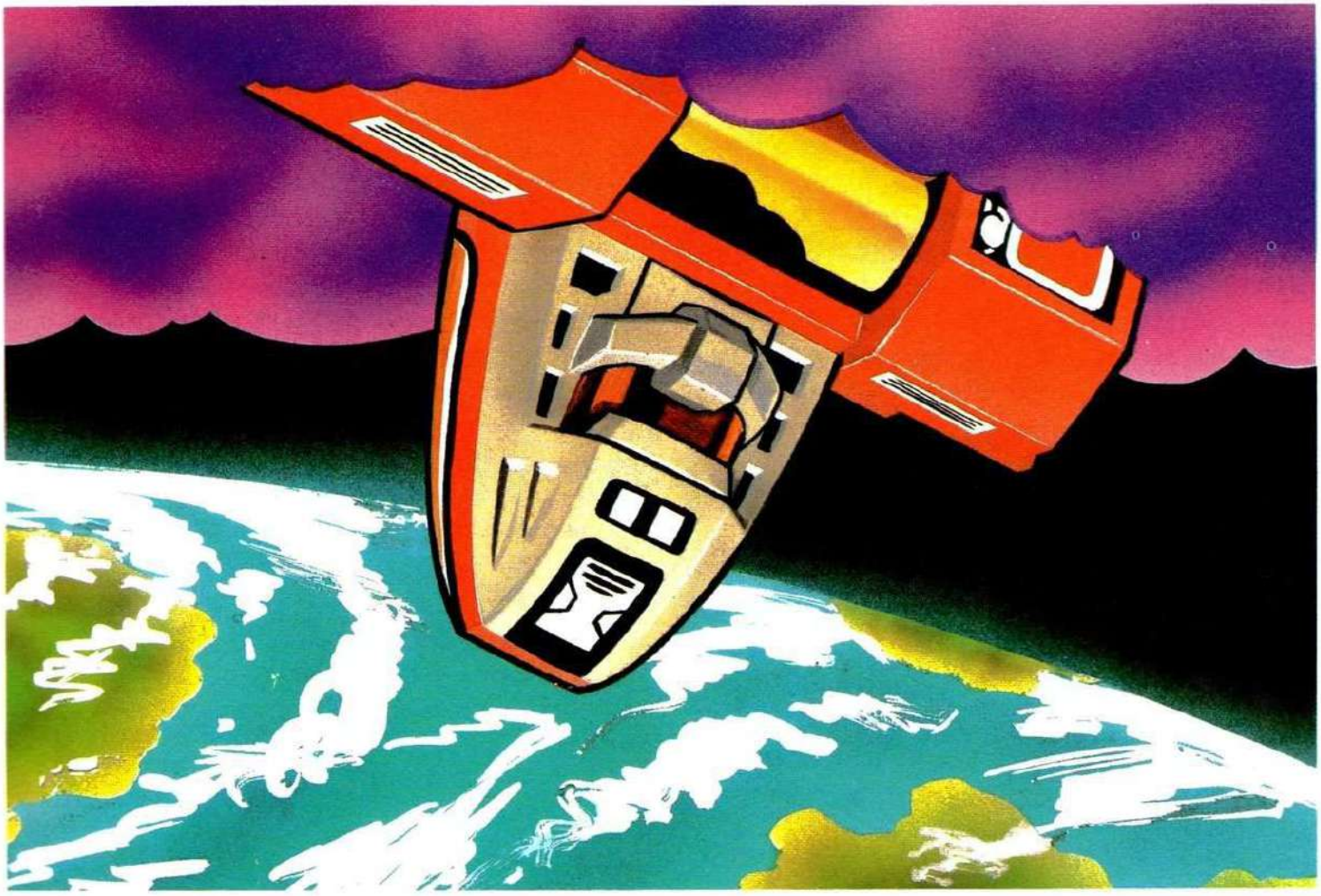
"Have you or your computer got a better idea?" asked Matt.

"No," said Scooter, as he climbed into Battle Suit's gun arm and fired off a blast of green laser fire at the Enemy Invaders. "I don't suppose we have."

"All right then," said Matt, taking hold of Battle Suit's controls, "let's see what the Professor's baby can do."

With the skills he had learned as a NASA shuttle pilot tested to their limit, Matt sent the Battle Suit hurtling through space. Scorp, Pincher and Vamp dived in at him from different angles and he twisted and turned in the blackness of space to avoid their deadly fire as Scooter sent his green laser bolts flashing back at them.

Matt studied the star charts on Battle



Suit's navigation computer and sent the giant GoBot ship swooping low over the planet of Skatmos, where strange, bubble-headed skat-cattle stopped grazing in the silver meadows and waved their long trunks in the air as Battle Suit roared overhead with the Renegade leader and his Monsters still snapping and snarling behind him.

From Skatmos Matt headed for Godaikin and jetted over huge GoBot cities where peaceful GoBots were busy building roads that could talk and houses that could walk. Then he tried to lose his pursuers by spiralling around a black hole and then blasting through the burning gases on the edge of a dying sun. He zoomed down into the purple rain clouds of the planet Santorin and splashed down into the steaming ocean that covered its entire surface.

"Well done, Matt!" exclaimed Scooter. "They can't follow us down here. We're safe."

"I wouldn't be too sure about that, Scooter," said Matt, as a great luminous GoBot shark three times as big as Battle Suit came bubbling through the purple water towards them with its laser teeth snapping. Matt jetted Battle Suit back up into the air where Cy-Kill and his Monsters were waiting. Scooter fired off a power beam at them, but they separated and attacked once more from different directions. Matt sent the Battle Suit somersaulting over their deadly beams, checked the star charts, and set off for Arpinkus-3.

Arpinkus-3 was a mountainous planet, covered by huge trees with long twisting branches and leaves that glowed with light. Matt sent Battle Suit zooming between them as he followed the winding valleys and canyons.

Suddenly, the long tree branches on either side began to reach out like tentacles and before Matt could do anything to stop them, they had hold of Battle Suit. Desperately the shuttle pilot fired the GoBot's powerful jet motors, but it was no good. Battle Suit was stuck fast, and all the time more tree tentacles and glowing leaves were snaking out to wrap around the giant GoBot.

"You have blundered, Hunter!" shouted Cy-Kill, from where he hovered above them. "And your blunder has cost you your planet! Did you think your feeble Earth skills would be enough to outwit GoBotron's greatest warriors? Even now my Renegade forces on Earth are gathering to attack the Command

Centre. And now, while the electrical robot trees of Arpinkus-3 hold you captive, our power beams will destroy you."

But just as Cy-Kill was speaking, a flying saucer came skimming out of the sky and sent a stream of laser fire down into the trees. The trees' robotic tentacles began to smoulder and smoke and their glowing leaves began to crackle and spark and then pop like glass light bulbs. As the robot trees loosened their grip on Battle Suit, Matt fired the giant engines in the GoBot's feet and sent it hurtling free.

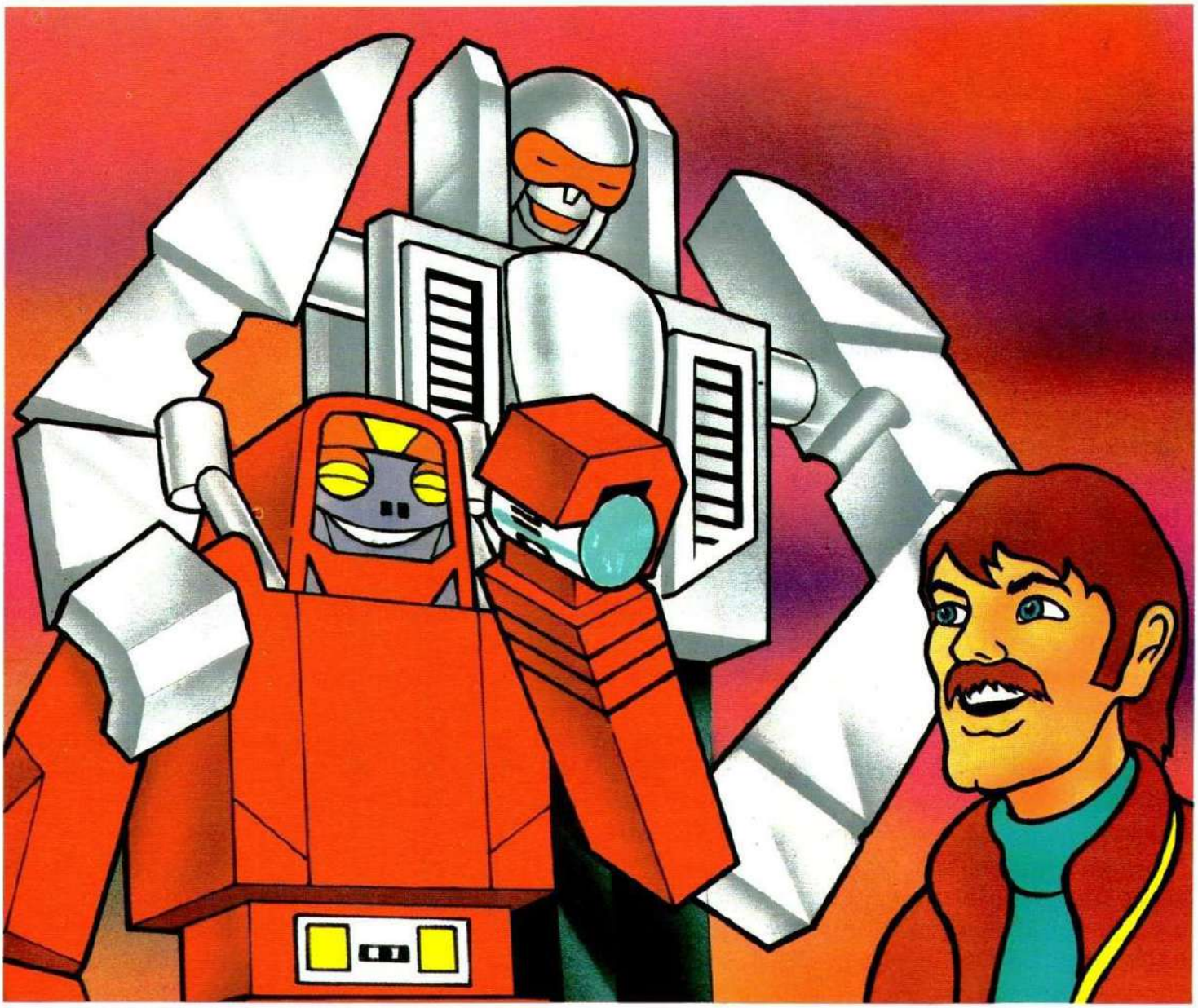
"It's Pathfinder!" exclaimed Scooter. "Climb aboard and help us get rid of these GoMad GoBads."

The flying saucer came up alongside them and changed shape into a GoBot. "I was patrolling the space lanes when I got a signal from the Godaikin GoBots that you were being chased," explained the UFO from GoBotron, as he climbed into one of Battle Suit's leg sections. Then, with Matt at the controls of the power system five machine, and the two Guardians' firepower trebled by Battle Suit's own energy circuits, Cy-Kill and his three Monsters were forced to retreat.

"You may have won this time!" he snarled as he disappeared into the time tunnels of hyperspace. "But next time it will be different. Next time you will have to face the power and hatred of Zod!"

"That's what he keeps promising us," said Matt. "But he's going to have to build one mean monster if it's going to get the better of the Professor's little baby. Pathfinder, why don't you show us the way home?"

And the UFO from GoBotron did just that. He led them back through the space warps and time tunnels of hyperspace to Earth, just in time to repair Spay-C. Just in time to warn Leader-1 of Cy-Kill's plan to attack. And just in time for Scooter to have another can of oil in the Command Centre's cafeteria.



DOTTY DATA

When the Guardians first landed on Earth they possessed voice decoders which were able to translate their GoBotronic speech into any known Earth language. However, the Command Centre's computer had been programmed entirely in GoBotronic. It was only through the recording, processing and analysing of the voice signals that it overheard from Matt, Nick and A.J. that the computer learned to understand Earth speech. With those three as teachers it's not really surprising that the computers' grown so fond of jokes. To the Guardians' surprise they keep popping up out of the databanks in all sorts of different programs. Here are a few of them. Scooter thinks they're funny, anyway.

What do you get if you cross Cop-Tur with a blancmange?

A jellycopter.

Why does Cy-Kill have such long legs?
Because he can't stand the smell of his feet.

What would be the best thing to write on a Renegade's tombstone?

Rust in peace.

What did the rescuers find when Scorp crash landed in a chip shop?

An unidentified frying object.

What's Crasher's favourite food?
Smashed potatoes.

What will the Renegades get if they cross their computer with a crocodile?
Snappier answers.

What's yellow and curved, has four fat tyres and a steering wheel?

The Buggy Man disguised as a banana.

As well as jokes, the computer likes puzzles and riddles. It has stored every puzzle it has ever solved in its databanks. And since it can solve up to eight hundred puzzles a second, and since there are sixty seconds in a minute, and since there are sixty minutes in an hour, twenty four hours in a day, three hundred and sixty five days in a year, and since the GoBots have been on earth now for. . . well, it's a lot of puzzles. Here's one of them.

Hidden Renegades

Find the names of the following Renegades and one friendly GoBot.

FITOR	VAMP	CY-KILL
ZERO	WARPATH	CRASHER
PSYCHO	BUGGYMAN	TUX
PINCHER	DESTROYER	SCORP

H X T Z P M A V L T Z P Q D
T J R L S T Z M T L J E D T
A N A M Y G G U B J Q D R Z
P Z Q T C D R J Z L M N L O
R P M J H B K R R K A S R S
A T S R Q T I F S C Q K E K
W U F E F M V T Z A Z P Y D
J X L H L Z W P X O W X O W
B W R C R A S H E R Z B R O
Q J O N L X W Z O F T X T F
R P D I Z K N G M K P O S D
Z M G P F C Y K I L L X E F
P R O C S F X W T L K O D C

Who is he?
Check your answer on page 61.

THE CAPTURE OF COMRADE BORIS

Far, far away, in the frozen Siberian wastes that lie beyond the Ural Mountains, a light aircraft flew steadily north eastward through a blizzard. The aircraft was piloted by Boris Bulkanikov, a brigadier in Soviet Army Intelligence. His passenger was the beautiful Russian scientist, Anya Turgenova.

"Prepare yourself for a bumpy ride, Comrade Turgenova," said Brigadier Bulkanikov, turning to his passenger and pulling his fur hat lower over his ears. "The weather reports say that the snowstorm will get even worse."

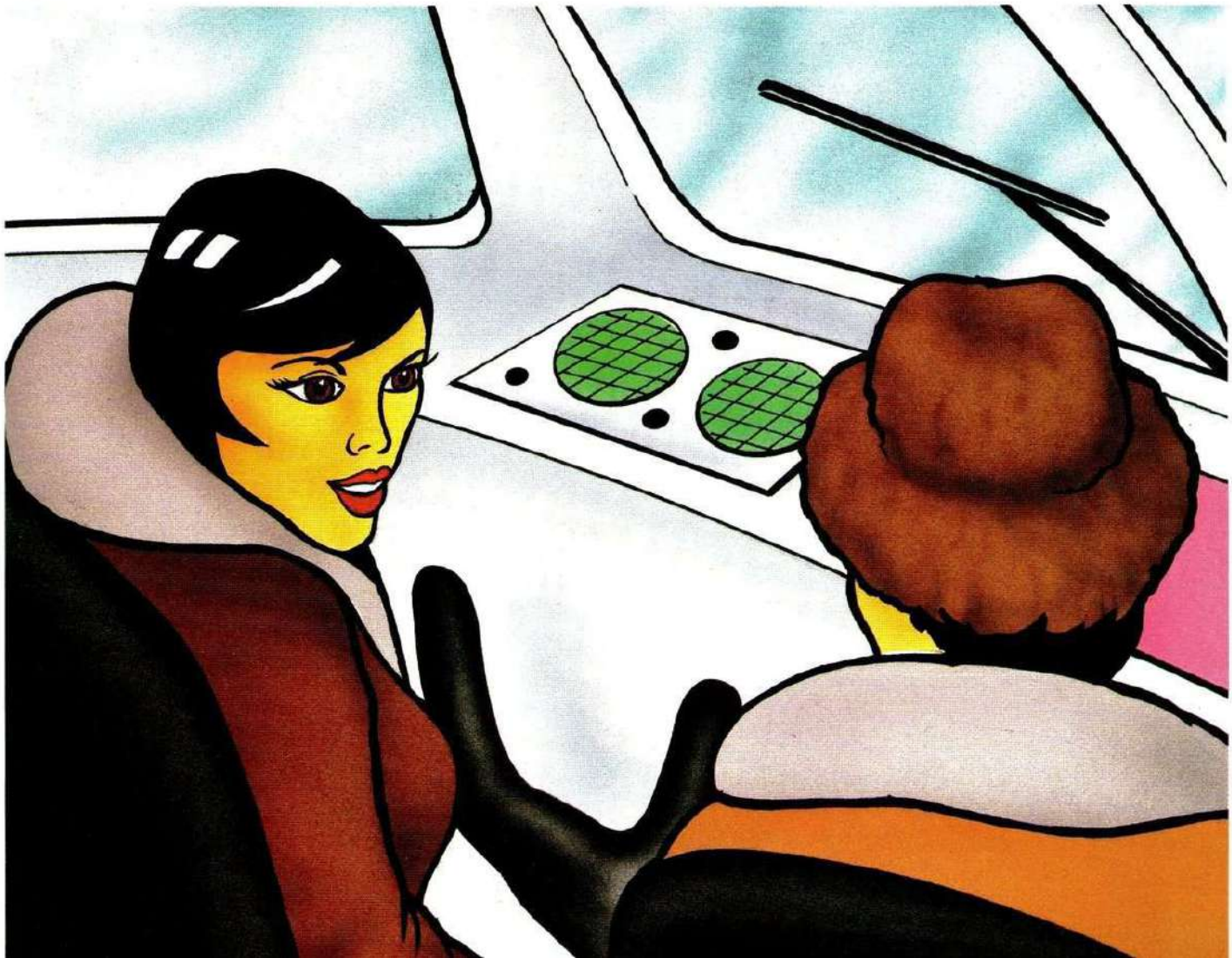
Anya worked on an experimental scientific project so secret that it was known only as Project-X. She was flying to Russia's icy northern regions to investigate strange rumours. The men who mined the minerals needed for Project-X claimed to have seen a giant dinosaur amongst the snow and ice.

"Do you believe these foolish dinosaur stories, Comrade?" asked Brigadier Boris Bulkanikov as the plane sped over the flat, frozen country.

"I am a scientist, Comrade Bulkanikov," said Anya with a smile. "I believe that anything is possible. After all, have we not found hairy mammoths from prehistoric times? Were they not perfectly preserved beneath the polar ice?"

"Dead hairy mammoths are one thing. Live dinosaurs are quite another," laughed Bulkanikov. "Believe me, I know. Such stories are mere fairy tales."

"Perhaps," said Anya thoughtfully. For, unknown to all the scientists on Project-X save Anya, their work was in danger. Cy-Kill, the mad motorcycle leader of the Renegades of GoBotron, wanted Project-X and all its secrets to help in his evil plan to conquer the



Earth. It was only thanks to the Guardian GoBots and their three American friends, Matt Hunter, Nick Burns and A. J. Foster, that his plan had so far failed. Anya looked out through the window of the plane at the whirling snowflakes and wondered what her friends in the west were doing.

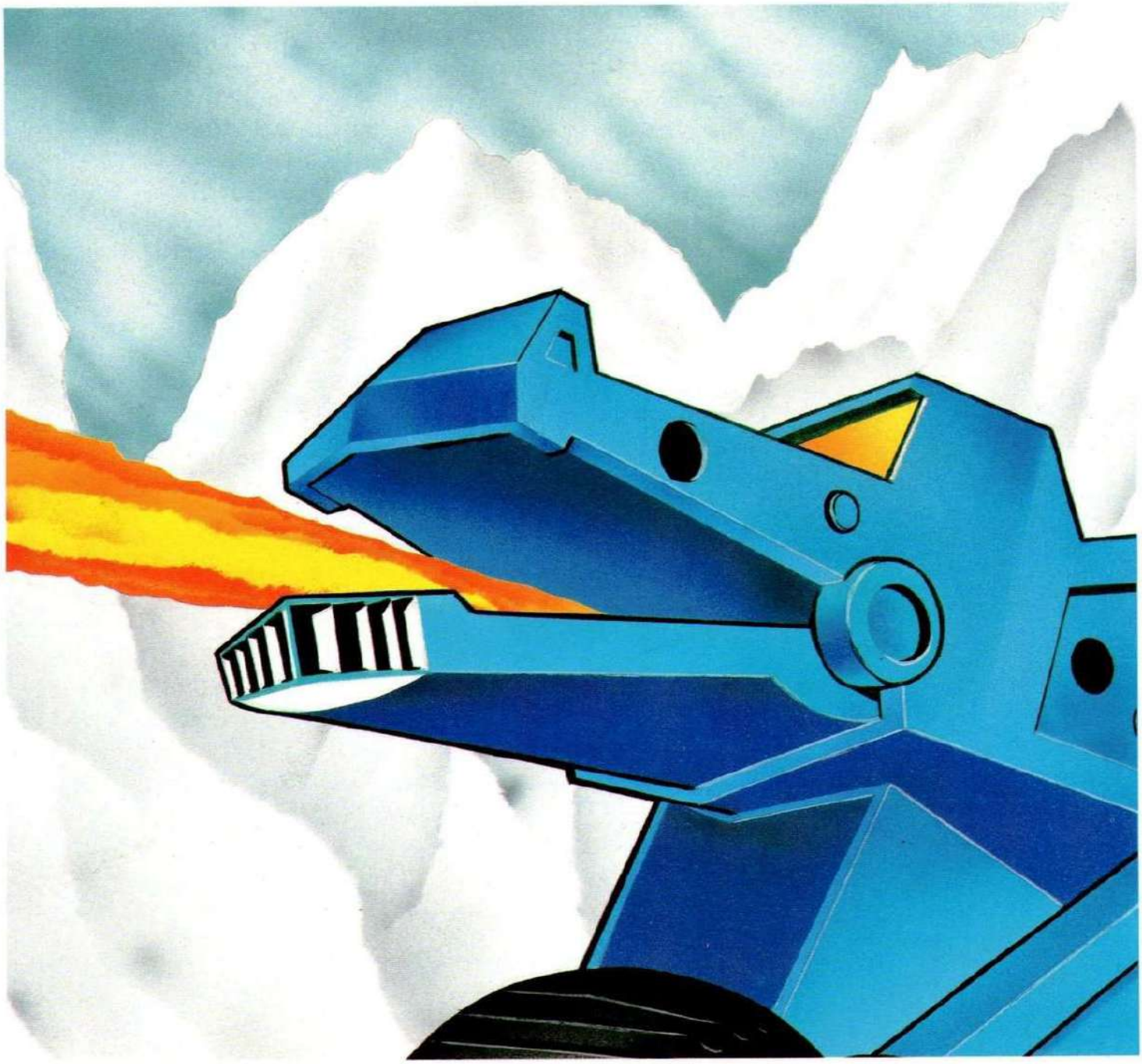
"You are wrong, Comrade!" said Comrade Bulkanikov. "Such stories merely undermine the great strides in knowledge that our glorious Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has made. They are ignorant nonsense. Poppycock. They are — YAAAAAARGH!"

Brigadier Bulkanikov's voice turned to a terrified shriek of fright as from out of the snow, right in front of the plane, a gigantic head emerged with snapping jaws and great iron teeth and bright angry eyes that glowed red and yellow. The Brigadier tried desperately to turn the plane away as the great head drew closer and closer and the iron jaws opened wider and wider. Suddenly a stream of flame belched out from the creature's throat and set the plane on fire. Then, as the plane began to fall from the sky, the enormous jaws snapped closed around it. In the darkness, lit only by the flickering flames on the plane's wings and the light that filtered in between the monster's great iron teeth, Comrade Bulkanikov turned and looked at Anya.

"You are the scientist, Comrade Turgenova!" he cried. "Tell me what is happening!"

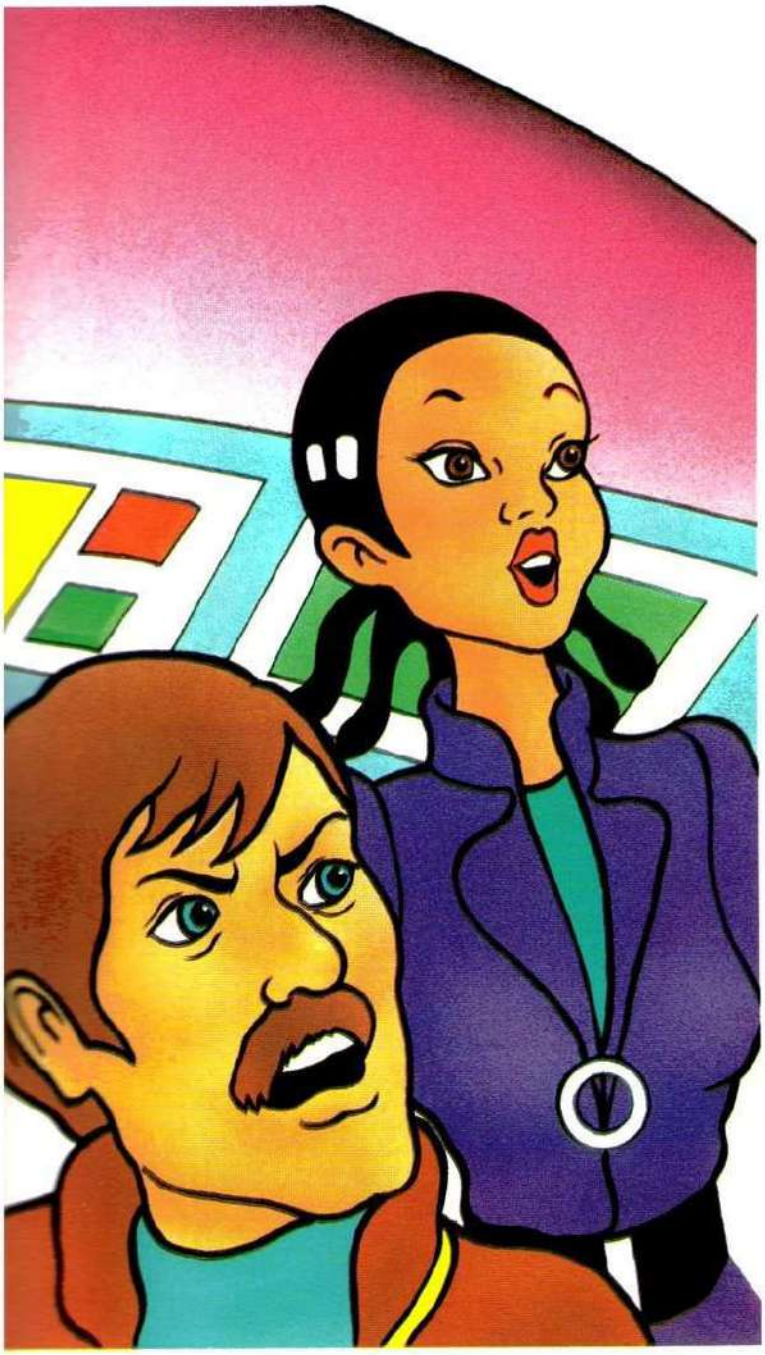
"It seems that we've been swallowed by a giant, fire-breathing metal dinosaur," said Anya.

"Yes," said Bulkanikov gloomily as the fires



on the wing of the plane flickered out and the great chamber of the monster's mouth went black, "that is what I was afraid had happened."

The Enemy Invaders had just launched an attack on the Guardians' headquarters. Up in the Command Centre's revolving head, Matt, A. J. and Leader-1 watched the attacking GoBots dart and dive across the sky like angry hornets, leaving trails of rocket smoke floating in the air behind them. Suddenly a bright green GoBotronic power beam shot up into the sky from the trees, and Scorp was sent tumbling over and over his bright red tail. The Monsters of Zarios, Falgos and Casmodon began to twitter their horrible, frantic GoBotic chatter as, striding through the pine trees towards them, came the giant figure of Battle Suit. The power system five GoBot was at maximum strength.



Its legs were manned by Flip Top and Dumper. Its arms were under the command of Night Ranger and Hans-Cuff. Deep in its chest, Road Ranger monitored the flow of energy between Battle Suit's different sections, whilst high up in Battle Suit's head, Turbo and Nick Burns operated the giant robot's central control system.

"They've got those GoBotronic ghouls on the run!" exclaimed Matt as he watched Battle Suit crash through the trees after the shiny black Enemy Invaders. Vamp, Pincher and Scorp began to retreat, leaving trees blazing, rivers boiling, and boulders melted into glass behind them.

But nothing they could do could stop Battle Suit's advance. The Monsters took it in turn to fly up into Battle Suit's gun sights while the other two scrambled over rocks and trees for safety. Then the three would attack again from different angles. But each time, Battle Suit's superior fire power forced them to fall back once more.

Over a broad sandy river, under a great iron bridge, and then along an empty desert highway the battle raged, and all the time Battle Suit went forward and the Monsters of Zarios, Falgos and Casmodon went back.

At the top of a railway embankment the three Monsters halted and began to rip up the rusty rails and tear down the telegraph poles and then hurl them at Battle Suit. Night Ranger and Hans-Cuff swung Battle Suit's arms to and fro and the giant GoBot smashed the rails and telegraph poles aside as if they were hairpins and bits of match wood.

But then, with his whirling rotors chopping at the air, up from the far side of the railway embankment flew Cop-Tur. And striding out of a tunnel in the sandstone rock came Crasher. And behind Crasher, puffing out of the tunnel came Loco. And ahead of him on the steel rails the GoBotronic train shoved a wooden flat truck. And tied hand and foot on the wooden flat truck were the figures of Anya Turgenova and Brigadier Boris Bulkanikov. Still perched on the Brigadier's head, despite the bright desert sun, despite everything that had happened to him, was his furry Russian snow hat.

"My superiors in the Kremlin shall hear of this!" he fumed angrily. "Do you think your secret weapon can swallow a plane from the air force of the Soviet Republic and still go

unpunished? How dare you treat a brigadier in the army of the U.S.S.R in this way? These things are an outrage against Mother Russia! I shall . . ."

"Be silent, Earth slime!" shrieked Crasher, reaching round and stopping the truck as Loco shoved it towards her. "Do you still refuse to understand? There is nothing that any of your puny Earth governments can do to prevent our victory. Soon you and all your kind will be our slaves and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothingnothingnothing!" Her voice rose to a demented scream and she raised her huge GoBotronic arm into the air and then brought it smashing down onto the flat truck in between the figures of Anya and Brigadier Boris. The truck's timbers splintered and split, the centre of the truck collapsed and Anya and the Brigadier were catapulted up into the air.

Cop-Tur reached out a GoBotic arm and grabbed them both. "Now!" he roared. "Surrender the Battle Suit or I shall slowly crush your friend Anya Turgenova to death!"

"I'm sorry, Turbo," shouted the beautiful scientist as Cop-Tur's huge hard steel knuckles began to close around her and the Brigadier. "There was nothing we could do. Cy-Kill has a huge monster GoBot called Zod. It just swallowed our aeroplane out of the sky. Tell Matt and the others that they must be careful!"

As Cop-Tur's hand tightened still tighter, Brigadier Boris Bulkanikov looked at Anya Turgenova in alarm. "Citizen Turgenova!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that these Americans and their secret weapons

are friends of yours? For this treachery to our motherland you will be punished severely on our return."

"Comrade Boris," said Anya grimly as she watched the Brigadier's plump red face grow plumper and redder still as the air was slowly squeezed out from his body. "I think that at this moment we have more pressing matters to worry about."

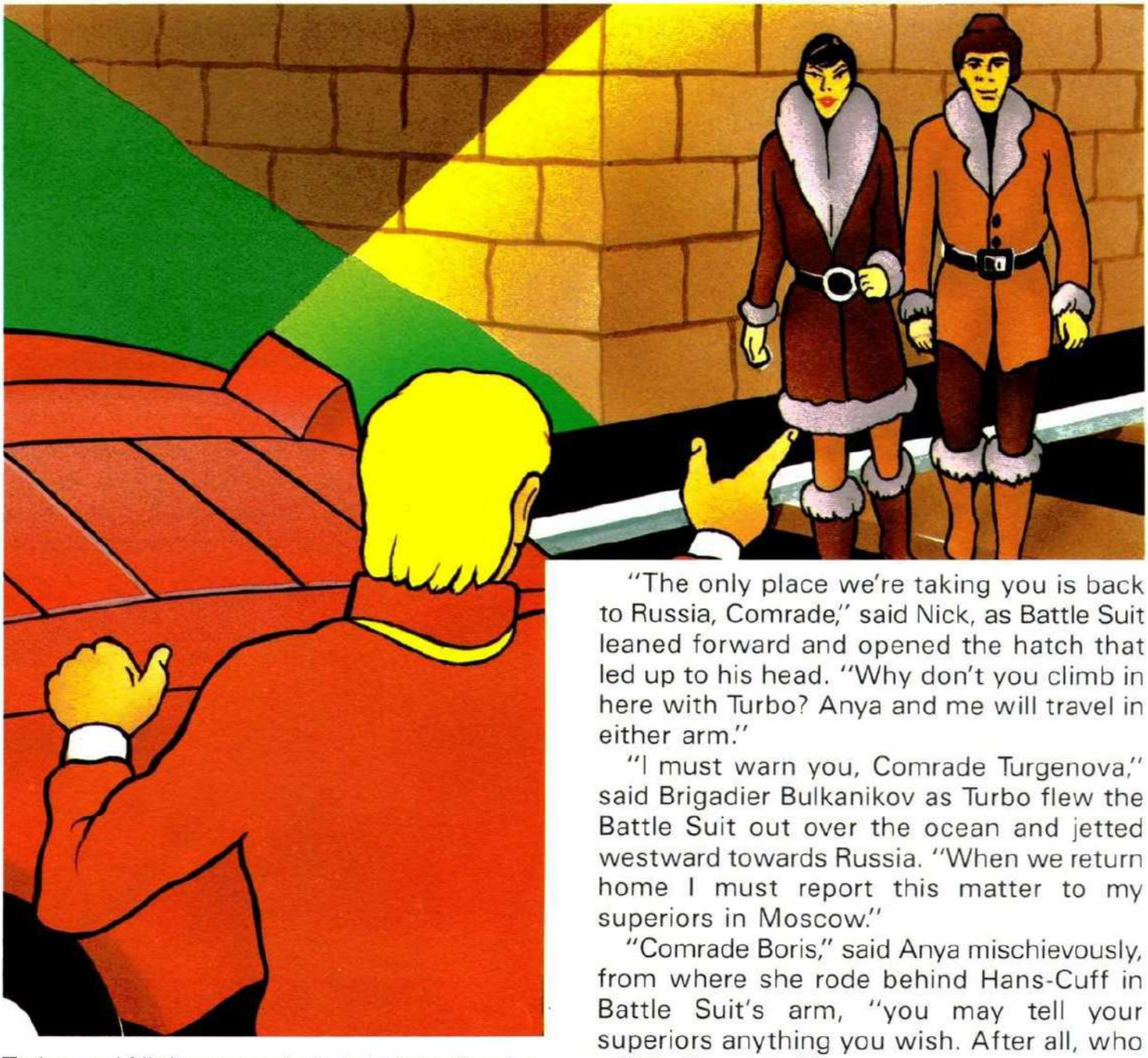
"Much more pressing," growled Cop-Tur with a cruel laugh. "Give up the Battle Suit, Guardians, or I promise you, your friend will die."

"All right, Cop-Tur," shouted Turbo through Battle Suit's speaker systems, "put them down. You can have the Battle Suit."

Slowly, the helicopter's grip loosened and he lowered his two captives to the ground.

"Run, Anya," shouted Turbo as soon as he saw that the two Russians were safe on the ground. "Head for the tunnel!"

Cop-Tur and Crasher both gave shrill shrieks of rage and turned to attack Battle Suit. But as they did so the huge GoBot began to break up in front of their eyes. The legs and arms flew up to the left and right of the Renegades while the body split into two halves. As Anya and Boris Bulkanikov reached the safety of the railway tunnel they turned to see Battle Suit transformed into five separate GoBot vehicles, each one pouring down a stream of fire onto the Renegades and the Enemy Invaders. Hans-Cuff and Road Ranger, their power beams increased by the power system 5, gave chase to the Enemy Invaders. In the central section,



Turbo and Nick rammed straight into Crasher and knocked her flat. The Gun Arm sent a power beam at Loco, and the steam engine from GoBotron went crashing from the rails and lay upside down with his wheels spinning and his piston arms pumping in the air. Dumper fired a rocket salvo at Cop-Tur from Battle Suit's flying foot, and with his rotors damaged, the Renegade chopper turned and fled. The other Renegades were quick to follow, and with Battle Suit back in one piece again, Turbo and Nick Burns stood at the entrance to the tunnel and Turbo shone his headlights inside to see if Anya and Comrade Boris were all right.

"So!" exclaimed Boris Bulkanikov gloomily as he brushed the dust from his long overcoat with his fur hat. "I am your prisoner. Take me where you will. Do what you wish. I shall tell you nothing."

"The only place we're taking you is back to Russia, Comrade," said Nick, as Battle Suit leaned forward and opened the hatch that led up to his head. "Why don't you climb in here with Turbo? Anya and me will travel in either arm."

"I must warn you, Comrade Turgenova," said Brigadier Bulkanikov as Turbo flew the Battle Suit out over the ocean and jetted westward towards Russia. "When we return home I must report this matter to my superiors in Moscow."

"Comrade Boris," said Anya mischievously, from where she rode behind Hans-Cuff in Battle Suit's arm, "you may tell your superiors anything you wish. After all, who will believe you?"

"Of course they will believe me. I am Boris Bulkanikov. Brigadier in the Red Army. I speak. They believe me."

"And what do you tell them? That your plane was swallowed by a giant metal dinosaur called Zod? That you were taken to America by a talking helicopter? That in America you were rescued by a flying giant that was being flown by a Japanese car from another planet? They will think it no more than a fairy tale."

"All right, Comrade Anya," said Boris Bulkanikov with a smile, "perhaps I tell them nothing. But in return, there is perhaps something that your friends will do for me."

"What's that, Boris?"

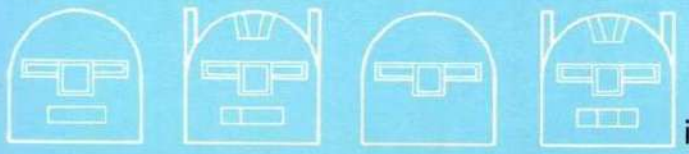
"Is possible, maybe, just for a little while, that they let me fly this magnificent machine?"

Scooter's Training Programme

Mathematronics: Part Three

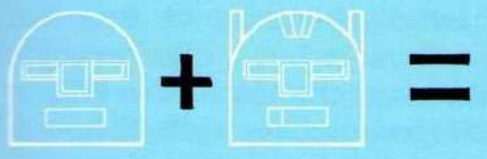
Although your skills at GoBot recognition now mean that you are qualified to enter any battle zone where the struggle between the Guardians and the Renegades is taking place, there is one more skill you should master before it is safe for you to do so. To operate the GoBot computer systems properly, you will have to learn Mathematronics, the GoBots' own form of mathematics. For, on GoBotron, numbers are written differently from here on earth, and are based on the features of a GoBot face. For instance, Earth number 621 is written:

whilst

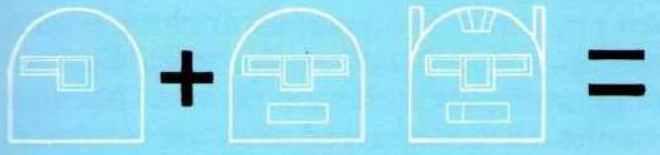


is the Earth number 4,839.

You will find the numerals of mathematronics printed down the side of this page. Once you have studied them, try to answer the three questions that follow. Then fill in the blank faces in question four.

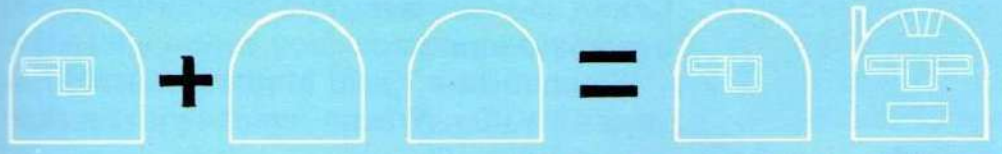


1 +

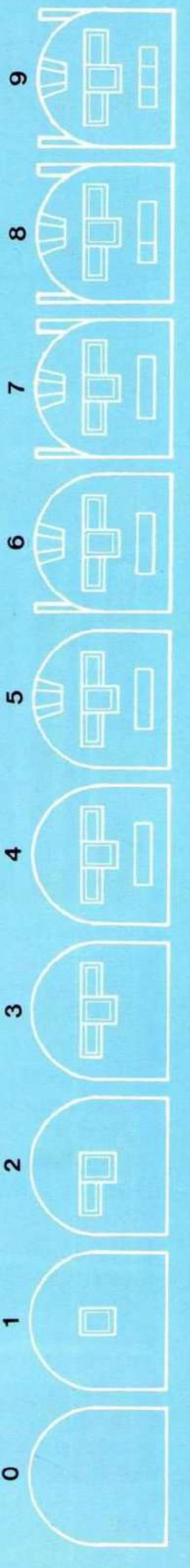


2 +

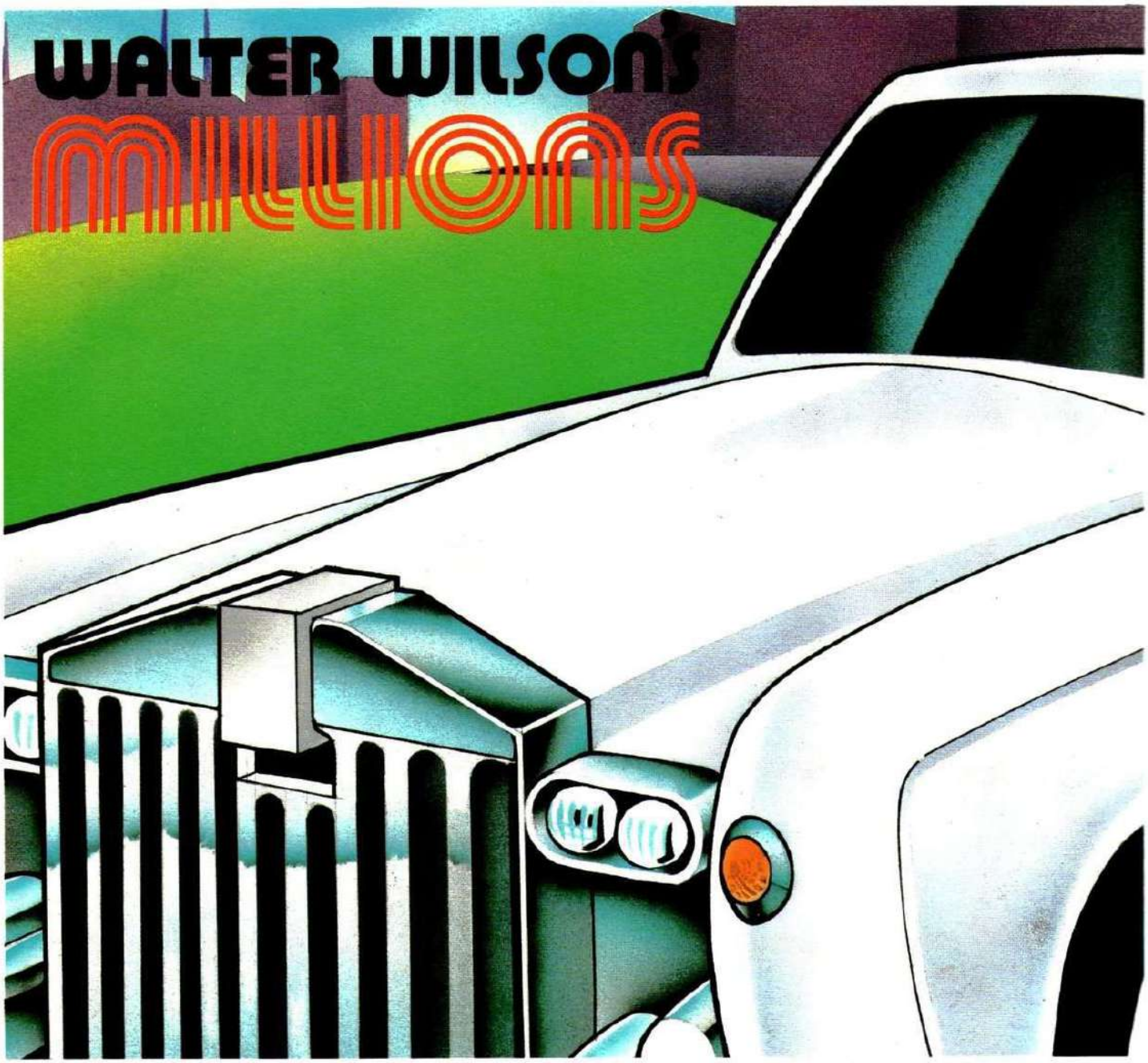
3 MINUS =



4 + =



The answers are in the Training Data Print Out on page 61.



Wilson Industries was one of the largest companies in the world. They made shoes, toys, computers, motor cars, aeroplanes, toothbrushes, tin cans, video games, washing machines, oil rigs, toasters, bicycles and bread. The company's scientists were involved in research in astrophysics, chemistry, medicine, communications, telemetrics, agronomics, microbiology, and robotics. Wilson Industries was owned by Walter Wilson. He was one of the richest men in the world. He was also one of the meanest. He lived all by himself in a castle in the middle of a forest. He wore old cardigans and worn out slippers and ate sardines out of a tin for his breakfast, lunch and supper. And all he did all day was count his money. He had so much of it that he needed a computer to help him keep track of it all.

For years, whenever Walter Wilson went out — which wasn't very often — he had travelled by bicycle because he was too mean to hire a driver or buy a car. Recently, however, things had changed. Now Mister Wilson travelled everywhere by Rolls Royce. The strange thing was that nobody ever saw him any more. He gave his orders by radio telephone from behind the Rolls Royce's tinted windows. And his orders had become strange. He had ordered all of his scientists to stop work on what they were doing. He wanted them to try and discover a new method of manufacturing sorium crystals instead.

When news of this reached the Command Centre, the Guardians and their Earth friends became worried.

"I don't like it," said Matt Hunter. "What would Walter Wilson want with sorium

crystals?"

"I suspect Cy-Kill's hand in this," said Leader-1. "Scooter, see what the computer can tell us."

The smallest of the GoBots plugged himself into the computer. The computer's lights buzzed and bleeped as Scooter searched for information.

"We haven't seen Cy-Kill or Thruster for a while now. While we've been fighting the Enemy Invaders he's disappeared," said Scooter.

"Which means he must be planning something," said A. J. Foster.

"That mad motorcycle's ALWAYS planning something mean," said Matt impatiently. "Maybe he's making a few changes to Zod. What else does your computer say?"

"I was coming to that," said Scooter. "It was round about the time that Cy-Kill slipped away somewhere that Walter Wilson got his scientists to start working on the crystal sorium project."

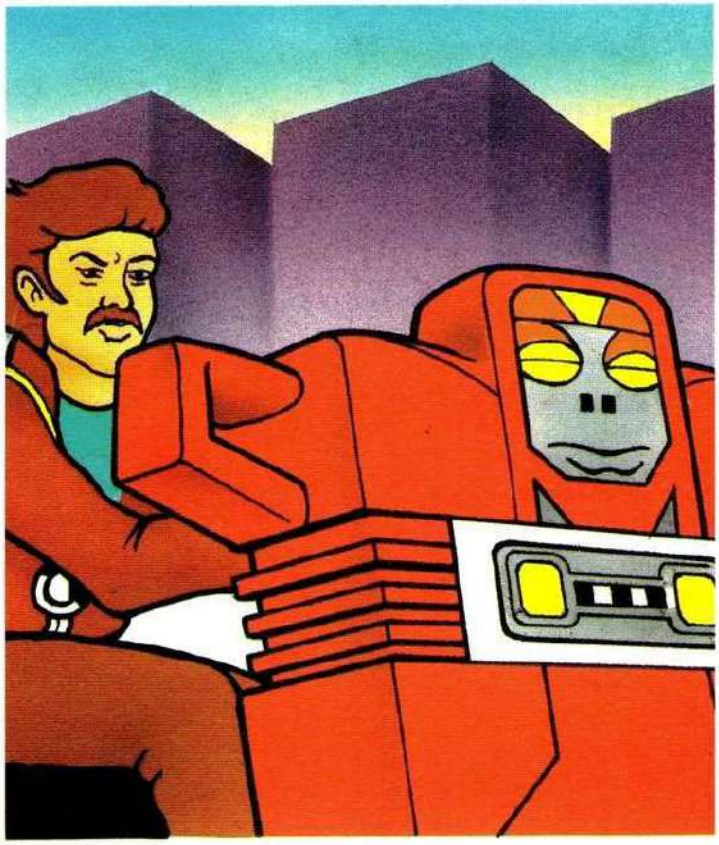
"Then maybe I'd better go and have a word with Mister Walter Wilson and find out what's going on," said Matt.

"You'll have to take Scooter, Matt," said Leader-1. "He's the only road machine we've got. The others have either been damaged in the fighting or are away in Battle Suit hunting for the Enemy Invaders."

"All right then, Scooter," said Matt, "get to work on that computer of yours and see if it can tell you just where we'll find Mister Walter Wilson."

Later that day, Matt and Scooter arrived at the gates of a Wilson Industries chemical plant and Matt asked to speak to Walter Wilson. The guard spoke on the telephone and then told them that Mister Wilson did not wish to speak to any visitors. So Matt and Scooter drove a quarter of a mile or so back down the road and waited for the megamillionaire to drive past in his Rolls Royce.

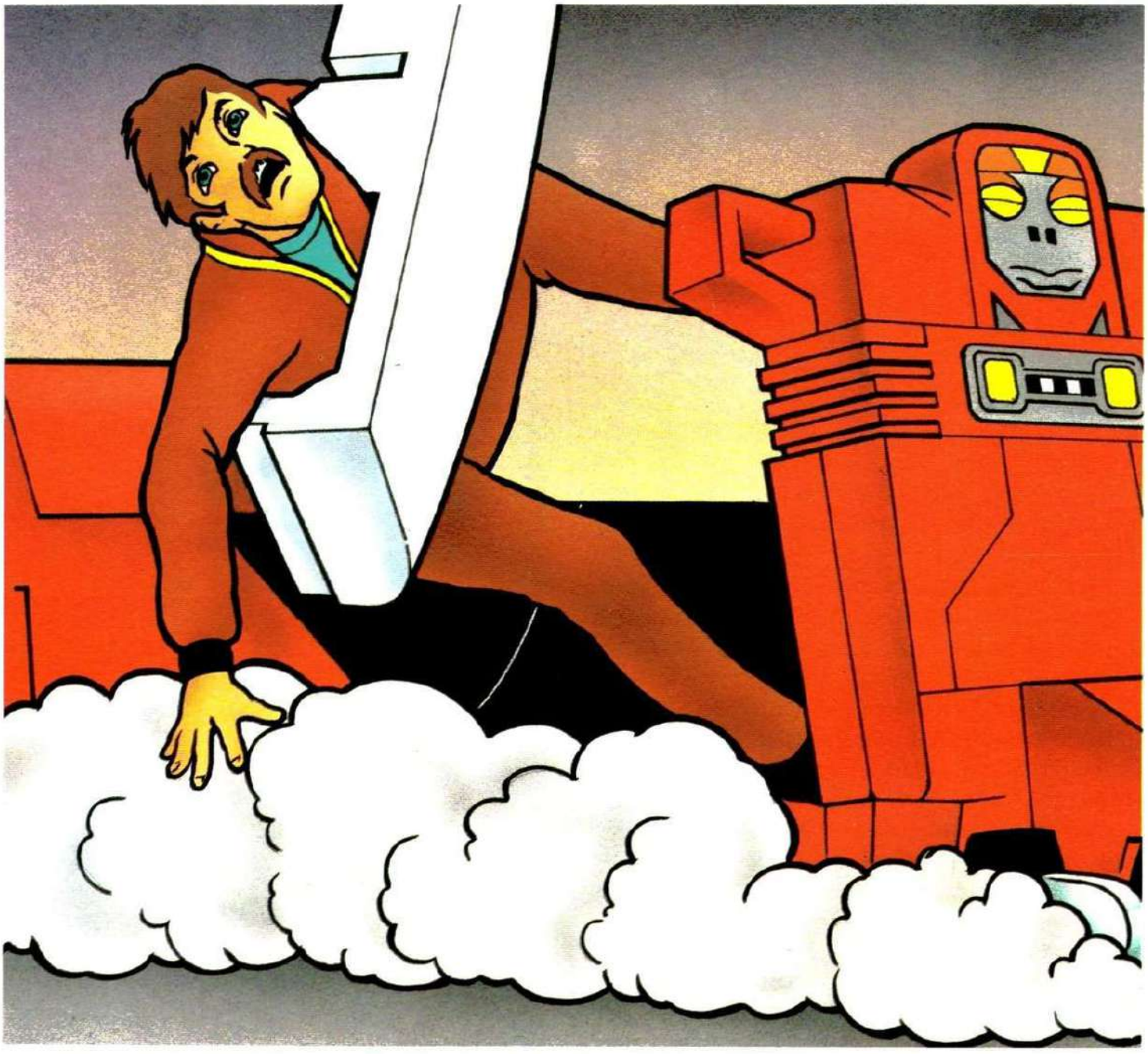
They didn't have long to wait. A few minutes later, the sleek white Rolls Royce sped past them on the road. Its black windows were all wound up and its engine purred as quietly as a cat sitting in the sun.

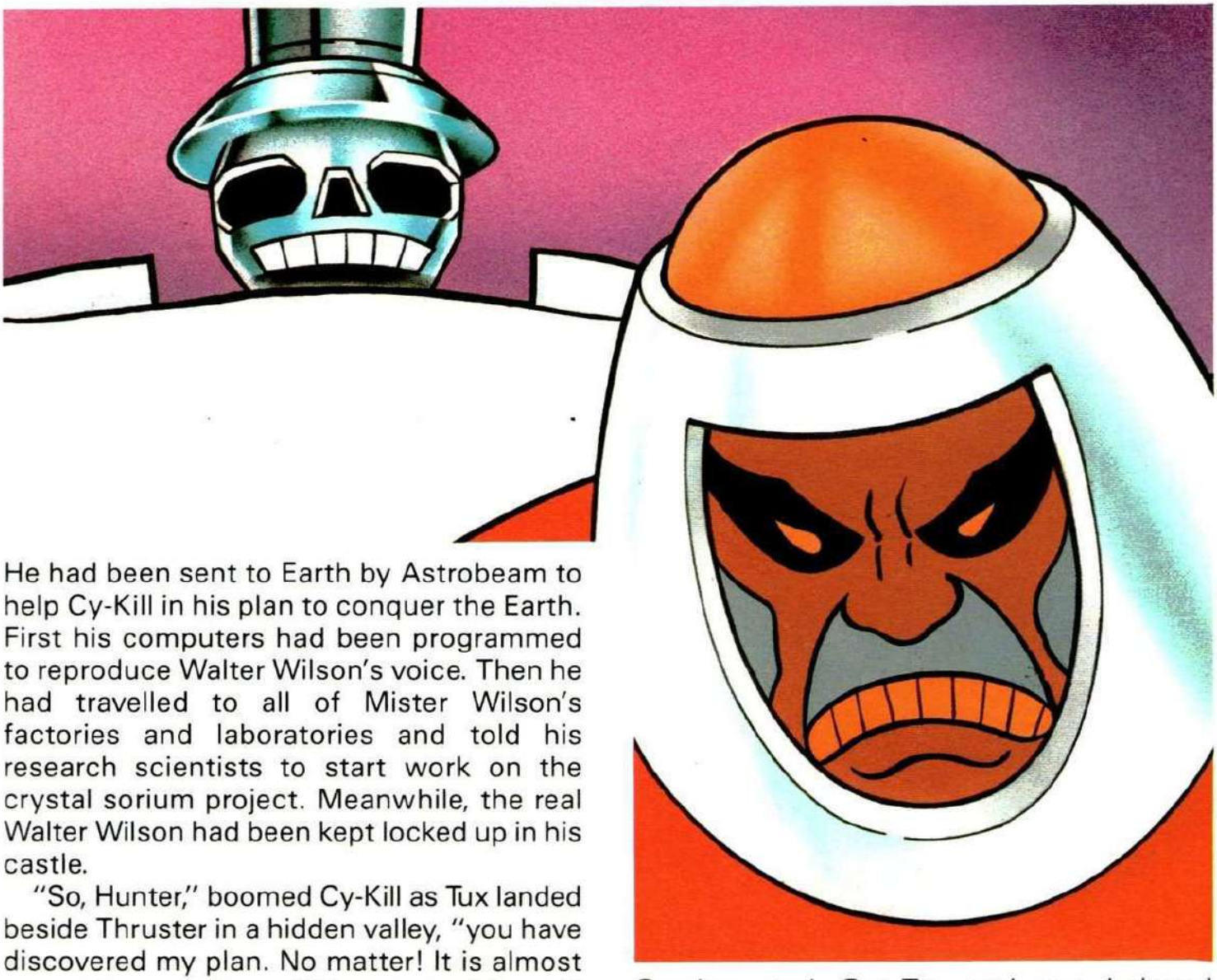


"Let's get after him, Scooter," said Matt, and the young GoBot turned out of the dirt road they had been parked in and chased down the highway after the Rolls. However, when they got closer to it, Scooter's GoBotronic sensors began to pick up Renegade signals and the closer he got, the stronger the signals of a Renegade GoBot became. Then, as he came round a bend in the road, he saw the white Rolls Royce skidding round to face them. As it did so, it began to change shape. The back bumper latched onto the front bumper, the side panels turned to GoBotronic arms, and then the back half of the car split into two GoBotronic legs. As it stood upright a shiny silver top hat sprouted on its shoulders and beneath the top hat was a grinning silver face the shape of a skull.

Scooter braked as hard as he could to avoid the enemy GoBot, but the Renegade reached out an arm and grabbed hold of Matt as they went skidding past him. Scooter whirled around, changing to his GoBot shape as he did so, but when he saw the Renegade had hold of Matt he did not dare to use his power beam. Suddenly the sinister smoothie in the silver hat flew at him head first. The lid of his hat opened and he fired a deadly blue bolt of electrical energy which sent Scooter flying backwards through the air with his circuits sparking. Luckily, Scooter's fall was cushioned by a clump of trees, but by the time he had struggled free from the smashed branches the Renegade GoBot was gone. Scooter hurried back to the Command Centre to tell Leader-1 what had happened.

The Renegade Rolls Royce was called Tux.





He had been sent to Earth by Astrobeam to help Cy-Kill in his plan to conquer the Earth. First his computers had been programmed to reproduce Walter Wilson's voice. Then he had travelled to all of Mister Wilson's factories and laboratories and told his research scientists to start work on the crystal sorium project. Meanwhile, the real Walter Wilson had been kept locked up in his castle.

"So, Hunter," boomed Cy-Kill as Tux landed beside Thruster in a hidden valley, "you have discovered my plan. No matter! It is almost complete now. Soon Wilson Industries will have perfected a process for manufacturing all the sorium crystals I need. Then the Earth will be mine."

"Can it, creep," said Matt. "What have you done to Mister Wilson?"

"Why, almost nothing!" laughed Cy-Kill. "Herr Fiend has built us a Hypnoscope to interface with Mister Wilson's computer. It keeps the old fool hypnotised into thinking that he is not a prisoner. As long as he has sardines to eat and money to count he is happy. The Hypnoscope makes him believe that he is getting richer every minute!"

"You won't get away with it, Cy-Kill," warned Matt angrily as Tux shoved him into Thruster. The spaceship's computer was clicking out a message.

"But of course I will, Hunter," growled Cy-Kill as he climbed aboard Thruster, looked at the message, and then closed the hatch. "After all, what in your world could stop me? Already Leader-1's forces have suffered damage from the Enemy Invaders. Now Crasher and Cop-Tur and my beloved Monsters are setting a trap for Battle Suit. And even as we speak, my computers bring news that the first batch of sorium is ready. Tux, program Zod to follow and prepare the ship for take off."

Soon afterwards, Cy-Kill had opened up the ship's huge jet engines and Thruster had taken off. Within minutes it was landing again, this time on an empty stretch of coastline, high up on a cliff.

"Imbecile!" roared Cy-Kill angrily at Tux. "You were supposed to program the ship to take us to the new sorium crystals. There is nothing here!"

"I don't understand it, Cy-Kill," said the Rolls Royce in confusion. "Thruster's computer says that Wilson Industries have a research establishment here. The computer must have made a mistake."

"Poppycock, dunce!" shouted Cy-Kill, lowering Thruster's ramp and stepping outside. "My computer does not make mistakes!"

"Your computer just does what it's told to do, you gruesome GoBad," shouted a voice. "And I told it to tell you that there were sorium crystals waiting for you here."

Cy-Kill looked up to see that the Command Centre had climbed up the steep cliff face on its giant legs and that Scooter was operating it from the observation window in its revolving head. Hovering above the Command Centre were Dozer, Dumper, Leader-1 and Heat-Seeker. The megalomaniac motorbike from GoBotron snarled and roared with rage.

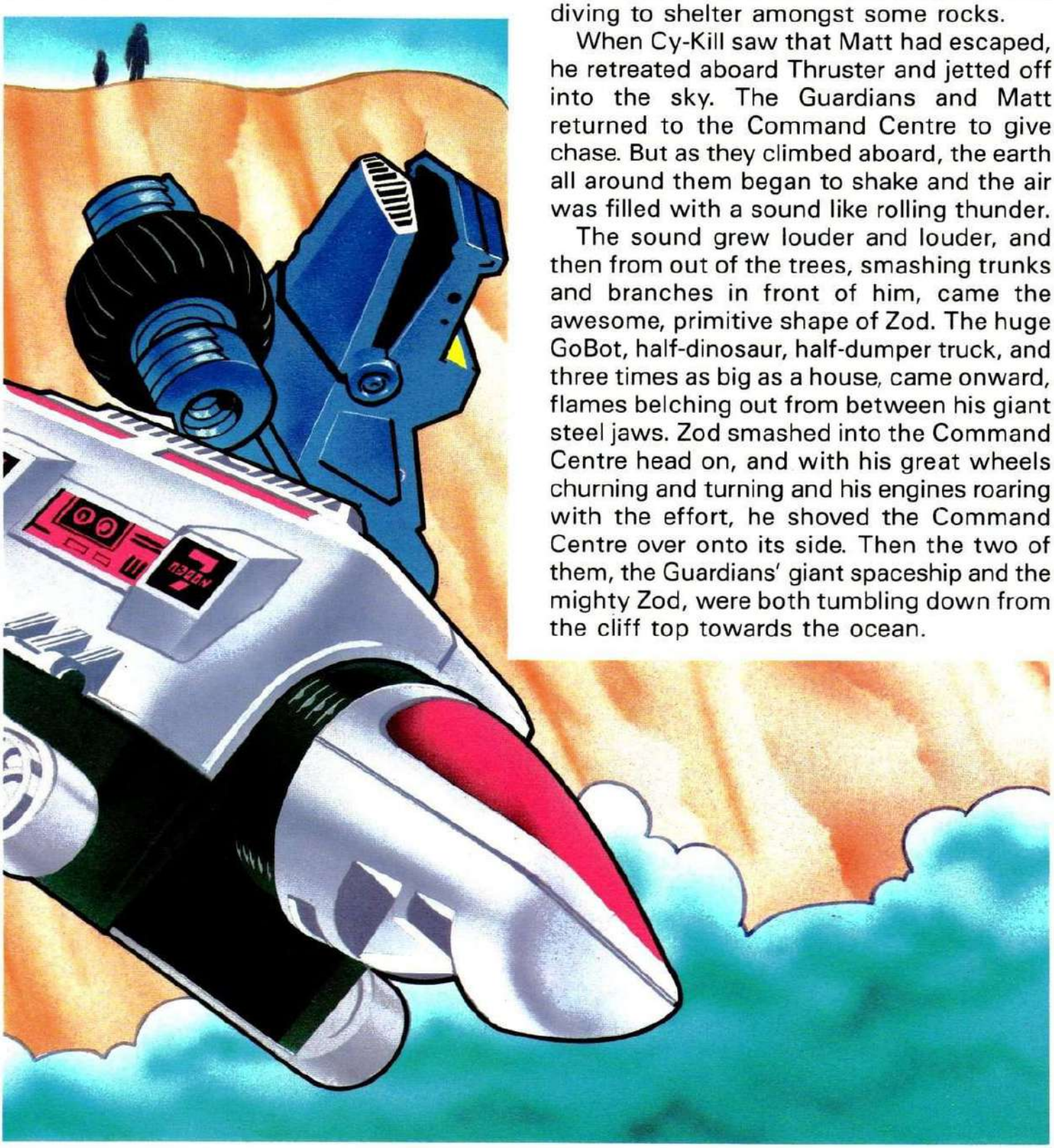
"Give up, Cy-Kill," said Leader-1. "You are outnumbered. Your warriors have failed to capture Battle Suit. Surrender now and we will reprogram your circuits so that you give up your evil ways."

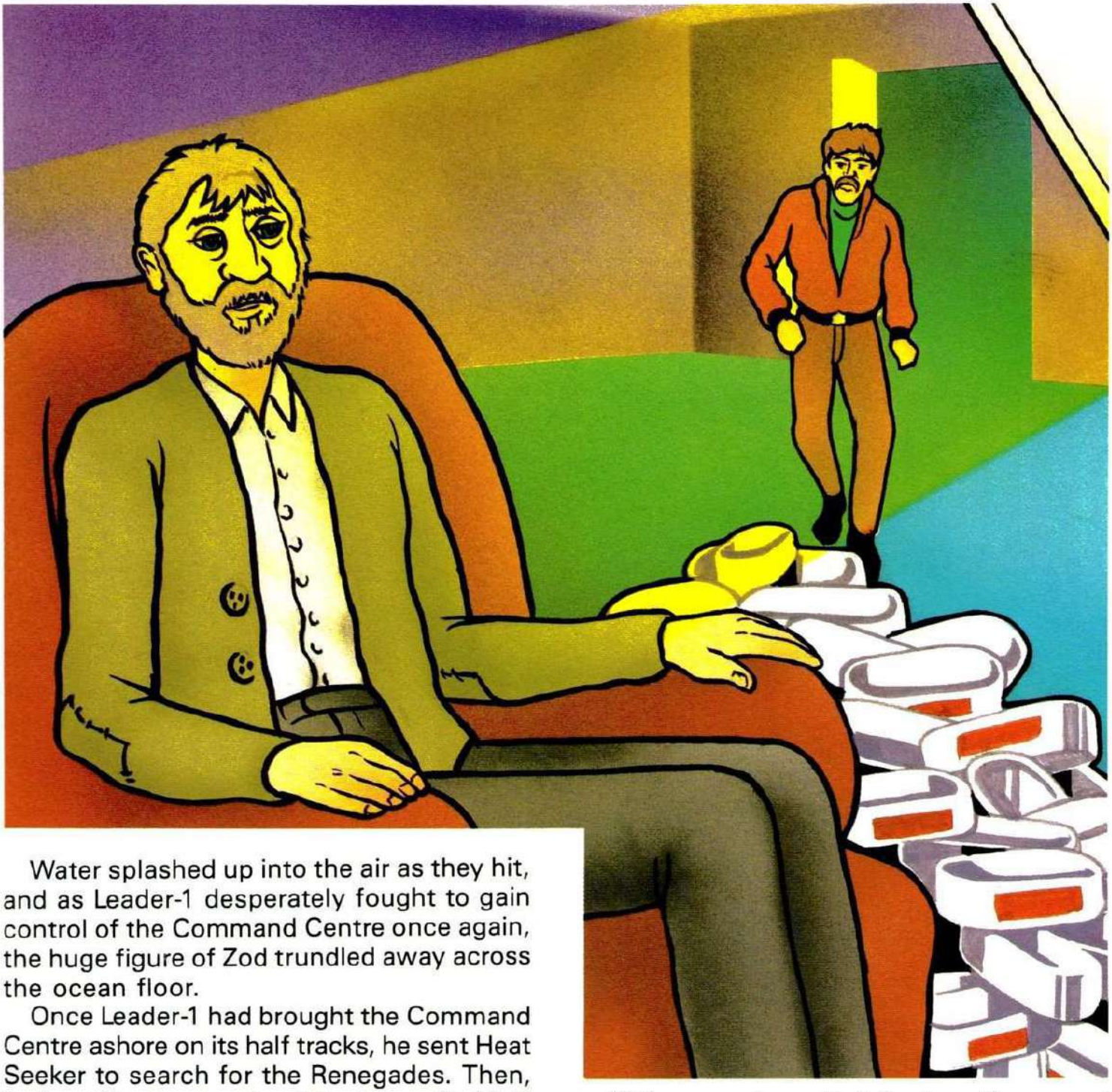
"Never!" shouted the Renegade leader. "Don't you understand? I ENJOY evil! I delight in being bad! I rejoice in wrongdoing! I. . ."

"You talk too much," yelled Matt as he dashed from Thruster, dodging this way and that to avoid Cy-Kill's power beams as they burned up the ground around him, and then diving to shelter amongst some rocks.

When Cy-Kill saw that Matt had escaped, he retreated aboard Thruster and jetted off into the sky. The Guardians and Matt returned to the Command Centre to give chase. But as they climbed aboard, the earth all around them began to shake and the air was filled with a sound like rolling thunder.

The sound grew louder and louder, and then from out of the trees, smashing trunks and branches in front of him, came the awesome, primitive shape of Zod. The huge GoBot, half-dinosaur, half-dumper truck, and three times as big as a house, came onward, flames belching out from between his giant steel jaws. Zod smashed into the Command Centre head on, and with his great wheels churning and turning and his engines roaring with the effort, he shoved the Command Centre over onto its side. Then the two of them, the Guardians' giant spaceship and the mighty Zod, were both tumbling down from the cliff top towards the ocean.





Water splashed up into the air as they hit, and as Leader-1 desperately fought to gain control of the Command Centre once again, the huge figure of Zod trundled away across the ocean floor.

Once Leader-1 had brought the Command Centre ashore on its half tracks, he sent Heat Seeker to search for the Renegades. Then, just as they were about to take off, Matt remembered Walter Wilson.

"He must still be locked in his castle staring at the Hypnoscope and counting out money that doesn't even exist!" exclaimed Matt. "We'd better go and tell him."

However, when Matt burst into Walter Wilson's room in his castle he found that Walter Wilson didn't want rescuing. In fact, he didn't even know he'd been captured. He was sitting beside a huge pile of empty sardine tins counting quietly to himself.

"Five hundred and sixty-six billion, fifteen hundred and seventy million, twenty-two thousand and six. Five hundred and. . . "

"Mister Wilson, are you all right?" asked Matt.

"Of course I am. But I'm busy," snapped the mean millionaire. "Can't you see I'm counting? Open a tin of sardines for me, and shut up!"

"But Mister Wilson," said Matt, unplugging his computer and deactivating the Hypnoscope, "the money you've been counting isn't real."

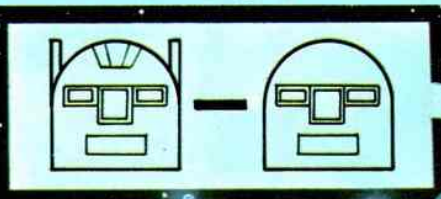
He turned to see Walter Wilson looking at him in dismay.

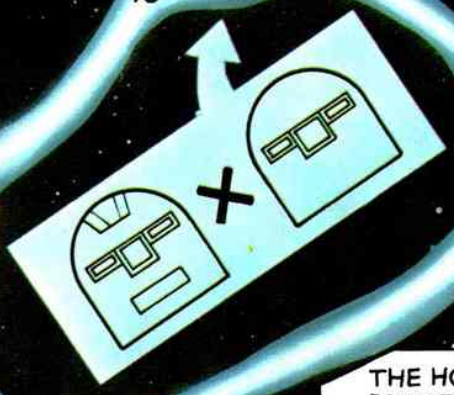
"Now look what you've gone and done!" moaned the millionaire. "You've made me forget where I was up to. I'm going to have to start all over again." This time the millionaire started counting on his fingers.

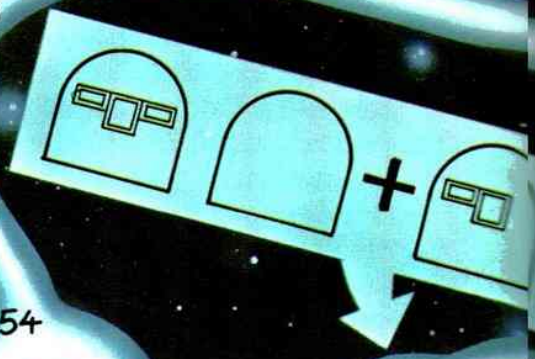
Matt closed the door gently and left him to it.

The search for SPAY-C

After a battle in space, Spay-C has been damaged and has had to go into hiding. The Renegades are searching for him. So is Pathfinder, the Guardian UFO, with Matt Hunter on board. Spay-C has managed to leave a series of clues on the small planets in the space lanes. Each time they arrive at a new planet they find a new clue to tell them which route to take. Sometimes the clues are in Earth numbers, sometimes they are in basic Mathematronics. See if you can help Matt and Pathfinder find out which of the larger planets Spay-C has hidden on. You will find the answer in the Training Data Print Out on page 61.







ARPINKUS 5

92 21

15 1

5

1 9

28 42

15

86

6 3

GODAIKIN

THE HOURS IN A DAY DIVIDED BY THE NUMBER OF CLAWS ON FALGOS

3 28

18

12 54

THE ENGINES ON FOUR JUMBO JETS.

VENUS

12 54

33 16 17 32

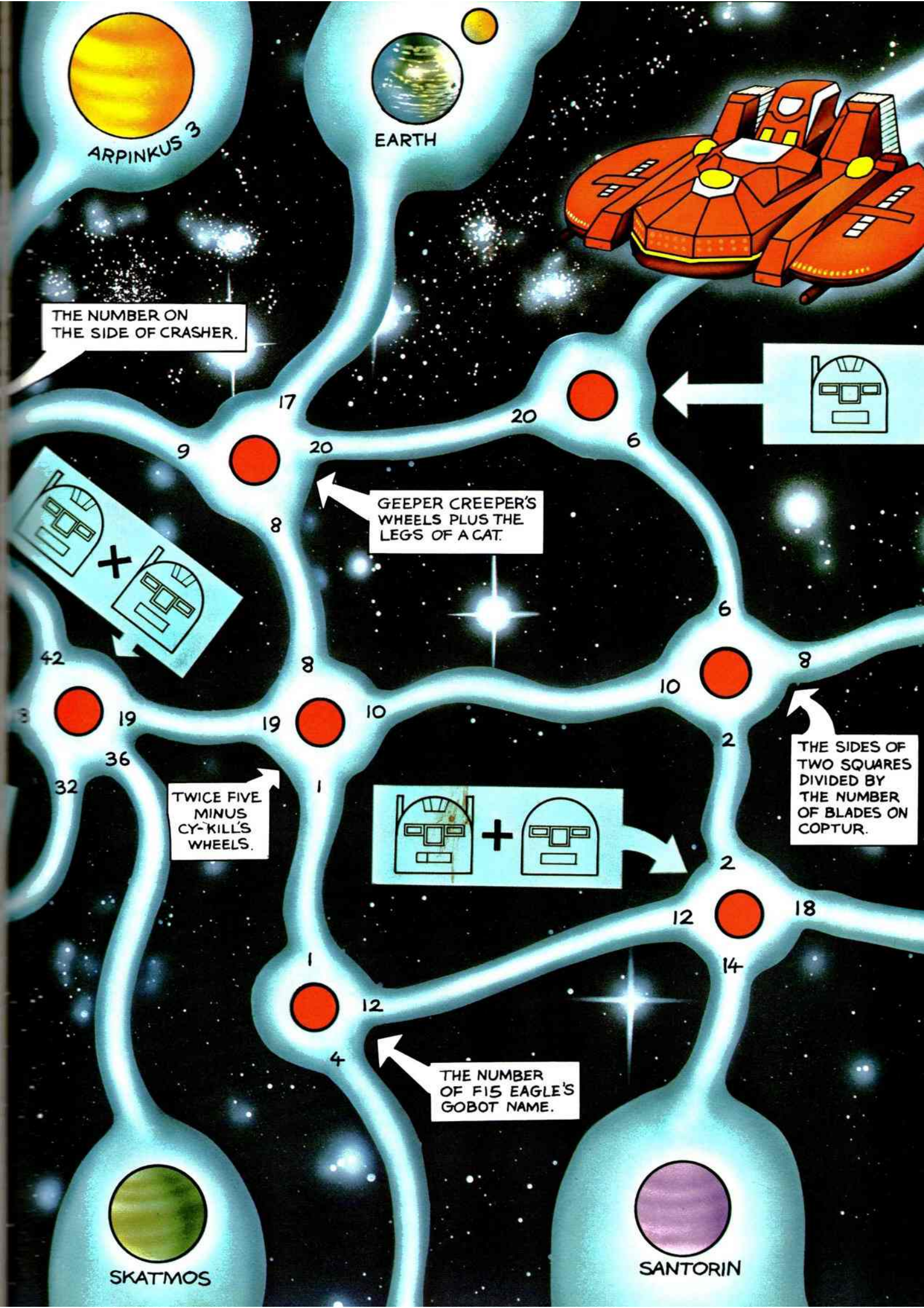
16 17

21 62

98

SATURN

GOBOTRON


ARPINKUS 3
EARTH
THE NUMBER ON THE SIDE OF CRASHER.
17
20
9
20
6
GEEPER CREEPER'S WHEELS PLUS THE LEGS OF A CAT.
8
6
42
8
10
8
3
19
19
10
2
36
32
1
TWICE FIVE MINUS CY-KILL'S WHEELS.
THE SIDES OF TWO SQUARES DIVIDED BY THE NUMBER OF BLADES ON COPTUR.
2
12
18
14
1
12
4
THE NUMBER OF F15 EAGLE'S GOBOT NAME.
SKATMOS
SANTORIN

BILLY JACK Makes a Friend

For Billy Jack Jackson, life could sometimes be lonely. Billy Jack was nine years old and he had no brothers or sisters. He lived in a cabin on an island in the Louisiana swamp with his mother and father. His father had gone into town to buy provisions. His mother was baking biscuits. Billy Jack was bored. He sat on the edge of the wooden dock in front of the house and fired pebbles at tin cans with his catapult. Then, when he was bored with that, he decided to go fishing. He went back up to the cabin, took his fishing rod from the porch, took some biscuits from the kitchen, and then went back down to the dock. He climbed in the canoe and paddled out into the swamp.

He paddled for miles through the black shiny water, in between islands and mud banks and trees with sunken roots. Birds fluttered in their branches as the canoe passed underneath them. But nowhere were the fish biting. Billy Jack thought something must have frightened them away.

Eventually Billy Jack got bored again and decided to land and look for turtles. He paddled to a nearby island, and when the bottom scraped against the mud he jumped out and pulled the canoe ashore. He had been walking through the woods for about half an hour, looking for turtles, when he heard strange noises. They were like nothing he had ever heard before, strange groaning growling voices that sounded like they were being spoken by machines. Then, as he came around a corner in the trail, Billy Jack stopped and blinked. He couldn't believe his eyes. There, in a clearing, was a gigantic spaceship, and standing beside it were huge

metal robots and a sleek blue and white racing car.

Billy Jack stood and stared in amazement. Although he didn't know it yet, he was about to have one of the strangest and most exciting adventures of his life. For the spaceship was Thruster, and the robots were the evil Renegade GoBots of GoBotron.

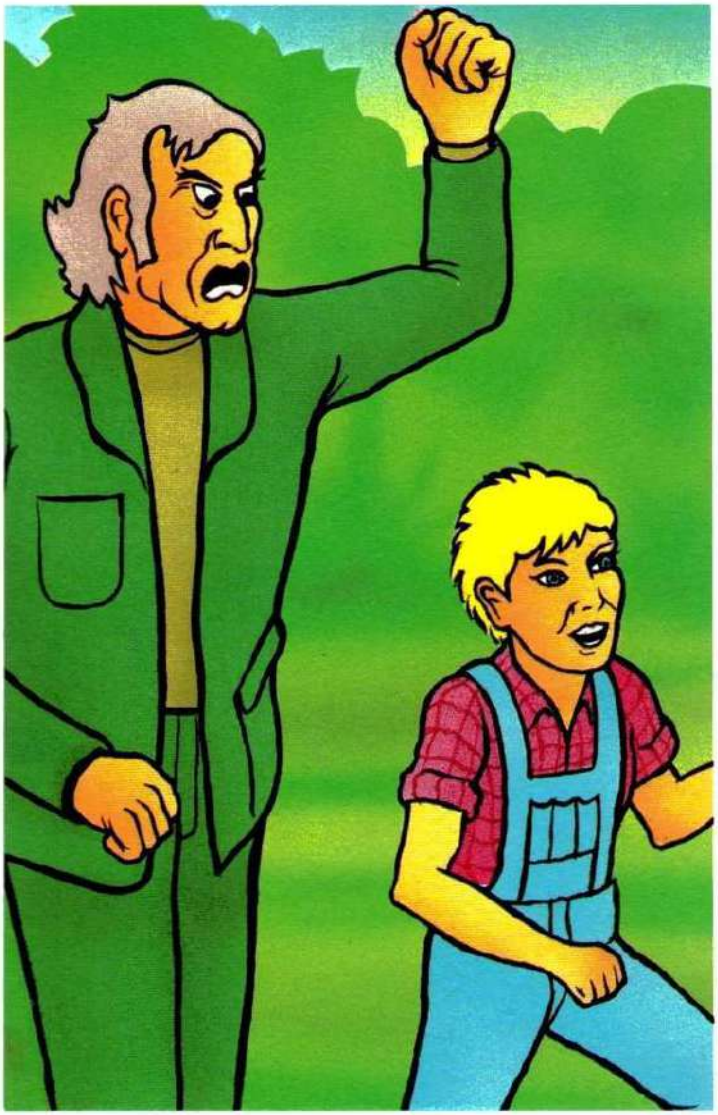
Suddenly, Billy Jack felt a hand grab hold of the collar of his shirt and yank him around. He kicked and struggled but he couldn't free himself. He looked up at the man who had hold of him. The man's eyes were bright and cruel, his mouth was twisted with rage.

"What are you doing, boy?" he demanded. "Who sent you?"

"Nobody sent me," said Billy Jack, trying not to sound frightened as the man dragged him into the clearing. "I was fishing but there were no fish. I was looking for turtles."

"An Earth child!" boomed Cy-Kill as he saw Billy Jack. "Give the boy to me, Doctor Braxis. Now he has seen us he must be destroyed."

The mean, mad, maniacal motorbike from outer space reached out one of his huge steel hands, but as he did so a voice came from the trees.



"Leave the kid alone and pick on someone your own size," shouted the voice, and the three GoBad GoBots turned to see Heat-Seeker striding from the trees. He raised an armour-plated arm and fired a power beam at the mad motorcycle.

"Do you think this is a mere game, fool?" roared Cy-Kill, returning the Guardian's fire. "You cannot save the boy. You are outnumbered three to one!"

The air over the island was filled with bright burning beams of laser light as the GoBots joined battle. Heat-Seeker fought bravely but the Renegades' superior numbers eventually began to tell. A power beam from Cop-Tur hit his flight controls and then Crasher rammed into him. The GoBotronic F16 stumbled and fell and the three Renegades gathered around him. Billy Jack watched in horror as they smashed and bashed and banged at the fallen Guardian.

"Leave him alone!" Billy Jack shouted angrily. "He hasn't done anything to hurt you." Then he stamped as hard as he could on Doctor Braxis' foot and the evil professor began to hop up and down in pain. Billy Jack struggled free from his grip and dashed into the trees. Doctor Braxis was about to chase after him when Cy-Kill shouted out.

"Leave the boy, Braxis," he boomed. "He cannot get far. One of my GoBotronic warriors will capture him. For the moment we have more important matters to consider. I want you to make contact with the Guardians. Let them know we have captured Heat-Seeker."

"But if I do, then they will attack you," said Doctor Braxis.

"Of course!" laughed Cy-Kill. "And when they do, Zod will be waiting."

Meanwhile, Billy Jack Jackson was paddling away from the island as fast as he could. As he was crossing an open stretch of water he saw a seaplane fly overhead and he waved to it for help. The plane circled round and came in to land on the water. As it taxied towards him, Billy Jack saw to his amazement that the plane had no pilot. For it was no ordinary seaplane, it was Water Walker, one of Cy-Kill's Renegade force from GoBotron. Before Billy Jack could do

anything to stop him, Water Walker had changed to his GoBot shape and his GoBotronic grabs had clamped tight around the canoe.

"Please, Mister Seaplane," pleaded Billy, "let me go."

"No, little one," hissed Water Walker as he jetted up into the air. "You must be destroyed."

Billy Jack reached his hands into the bib pocket of his dungarees and his fingers closed over his catapult and some pebbles. As fast as he could, Billy Jack took aim and let fly. The pebble clonked against the GoBad GoBot's nose just like it was a tin can. Water Walker blinked in surprise and let go of the canoe, and it went tumbling from his grasp and splashed down into the water. Billy Jack fell out. He held his breath in the murky water and swam beneath its surface to the shelter of some trees. He came up gasping for air and then hid between the roots of a hollow tree as Water Walker rushed angrily through the air looking for him. When Water Walker was gone, Billy Jack paddled home as fast as he could.

"Mom," he shouted as he ran up from the dock, "we've got to do something! There's a spaceship full of evil robots landed on one of the islands. They were going to kill me. There was a nice robot who saved me. Now the bad guys have got him. We've got to do something to help him!"

"I don't know, Billy Jack," said his mother, shaking her head sadly. "You do tell the tallest stories. Perhaps if you had some friends to play with you wouldn't be such a dreamer."

"But Mom," protested Billy Jack, "it's TRUE." Then, as he realised that his mother was not going to believe him, his face fell. All right, he thought determinedly as his mother laughed gently and went back to baking her biscuits, if no one else is going to help, then I'm going to have to rescue that nice robot all by myself.

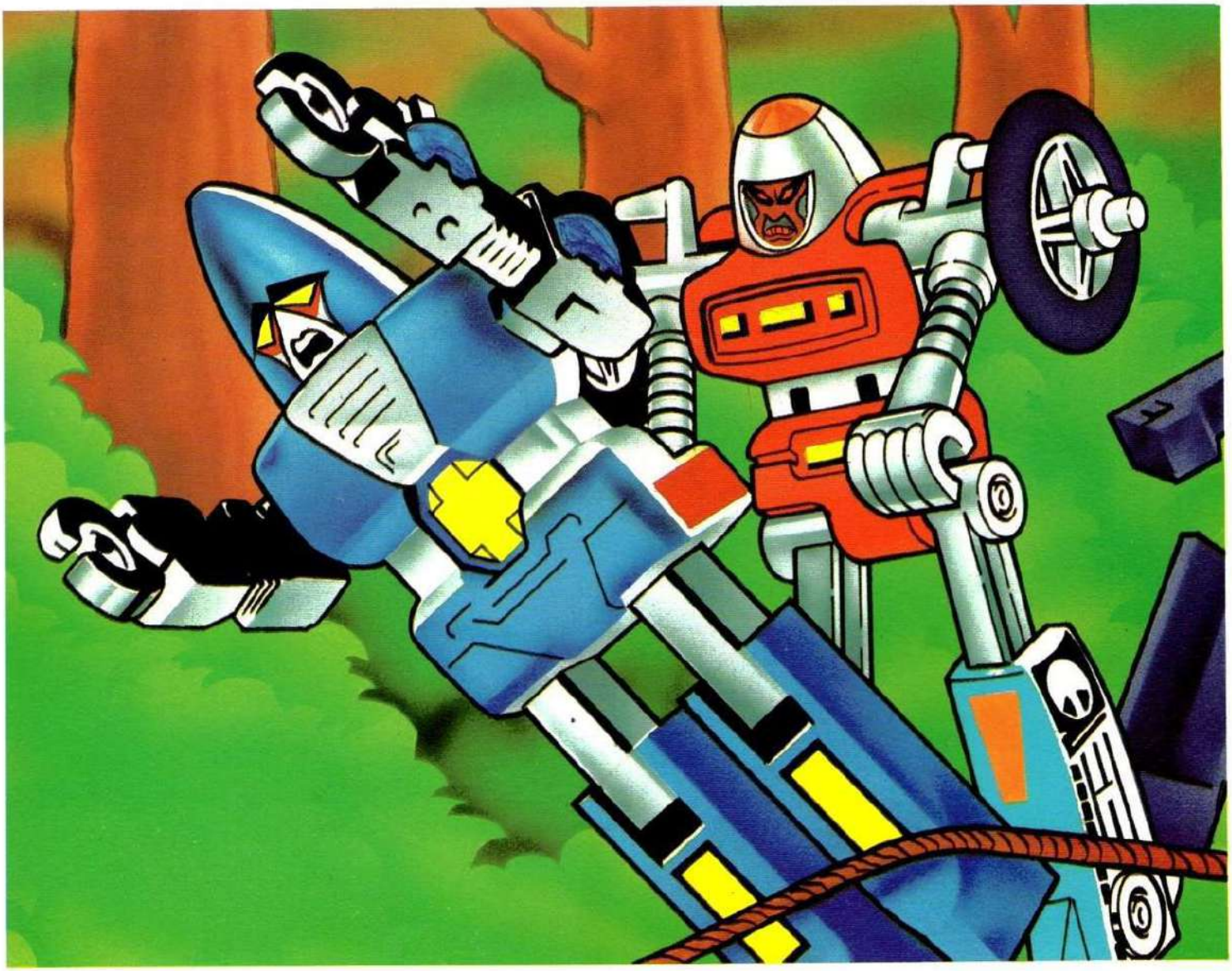
Billy Jack's father was a shrimp fisherman, and Billy Jack went out to the boat house and got a saw, an axe, some lengths of rope, and all of his father's shrimp nets. He loaded everything into the canoe. Then he looked back at the cabin, gave a nervous gulp, and paddled back out into the swamp.

This time, Billy Jack paddled down secret twisting backwaters that would keep him hidden from anyone who might be searching

for him. He arrived at the tip of the island where he unloaded the tools he had brought with him. Then he started work. He sawed and chopped furiously, hoping none of the robots would hear the noise. He scrambled up into the branches of trees with ropes, looped them over branches and tied them around trunks. Then, when he was satisfied that everything was the way that he wanted, he crept through the trees to the edge of the clearing where he had seen the spaceship. Cop-Tur had just landed beside Crasher, Cy-Kill and Water Walker.

"Braxis has done as he was ordered," growled the helicopter. As he was speaking Billy Jack was taking aim with his catapult. He fired a pebble which struck Cop-Tur on his beak. The four Renegades turned on him with angry snarls, and Billy Jack began to run as fast as his feet would carry him. Through briars and brambles he flew, skipping over tree stumps and boulders, with the four angry BadBots crashing through the trees behind him, getting closer all the time. Then, just when it seemed they must catch him, Billy Jack ducked to one side, and Cop-Tur tripped over a length of rope that Billy Jack had stretched across the path. The other three Renegades bumped into Cop-Tur as he fell and with a thundering, blundering, clattering, clanking crash they tumbled on top of one another in a great big heap. Before they could get to their feet, Billy Jack grabbed his father's axe from where he had left it ready, and chopped through another length of rope. With a groaning and splintering sound a tall pine tree began to topple towards the ground. As it fell it pulled another rope up through the branches of a neighbouring tree. This rope was attached to the fishing nets and it pulled them tight, hoisting the four struggling Renegade GoBots up into the air.

As they fought to free themselves from the miles of fine mesh in the shrimp nets, Billy Jack ran back and dashed up the ramp and into Thruster. He looked in amazement at the banks of keyboards and instruments in there,



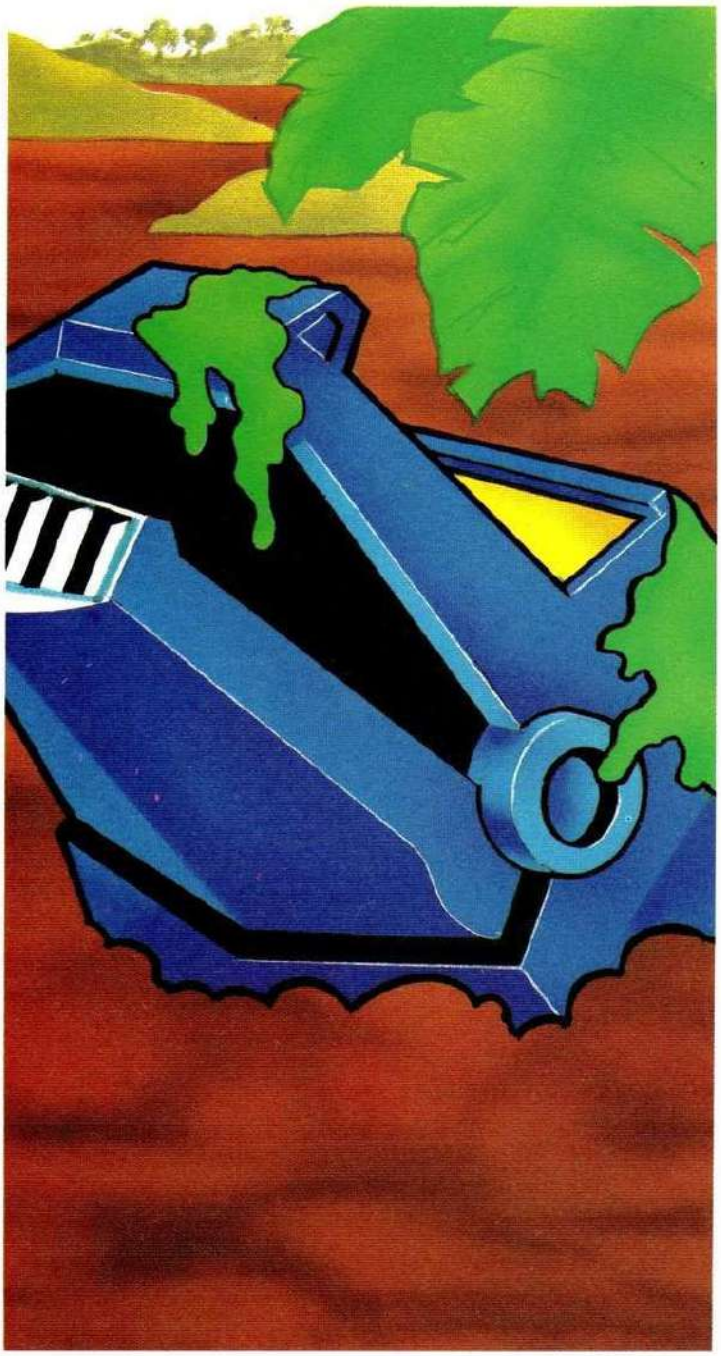
and then he saw Heat-Seeker trapped behind glowing bars of deadly laser light. The Guardian told Billy Jack which buttons to press, and soon he was free of the force field and striding down Thruster's ramp with the young boy held in his hands.

"Thanks friend," exclaimed the Guardian GoBot. "Now let's get out of here!"

But when the Guardian GoBot fired the jets in his feet there was no response.

"I must have taken some damage to my jets. I hope you don't mind paddling."

"I don't mind anything," said Billy Jack excitedly as Heat-Seeker fired an incendiary beam into the trees. A wall of flame rose up into the sky. On the far side of it, Billy Jack could hear the four Renegades shouting angrily.



"That should hold them for a while. Now maybe I should introduce myself. Heat-Seeker's the name."

"And my name's Billy Jack and I'd like to help you," said Billy Jack as Heat-Seeker strode into the water. But no sooner had he waded out into the swamp than the water in front of him began to bubble and boil. And up from beneath it, his huge wheels churning mud, his horrible head covered in slime and swamp water, came Zod. Billy Jack jumped in fright and Heat-Seeker fired a power beam at the monster as he trundled through the swamp water towards them, sending trees smashing and splashing into the mud, and great muddy fountains of water spraying out from his wheels. But the Guardian's strongest power beams just bounced harmlessly off Zod's armour-plated skin. His great jaws opened and blew fire. Heat-Seeker dived to one side and splashed down into the water, holding Billy Jack safe in the air as he did so.

And then Leader-1 swooped from the sky and snatched Billy Jack from Heat-Seeker's grip whilst the other Guardians arrived in the Command Centre and beamed the damaged Guardian aboard.

"That was close," said Heat-Seeker as they jetted away from the huge snapping jaws of the terrible Zod. "If it hadn't been for my friend Billy Jack, I might not have made it."

"That's right, Billy Jack," said Leader-1, "we all owe you our thanks."

Later that day, when Billy Jack's father came home, he found his son firing pebbles from his catapult at tin cans floating in the water. His father asked him what he'd done and where he'd been that day. Billy Jack smiled as he remembered his adventure and the ride through space that Spay-C had taken him on afterwards. But he knew his father wouldn't believe him if he told him.

"Where you been, Billy Jack?" his father asked again.

"Oh, nowhere special," said Billy Jack. "Just fishing . . ."

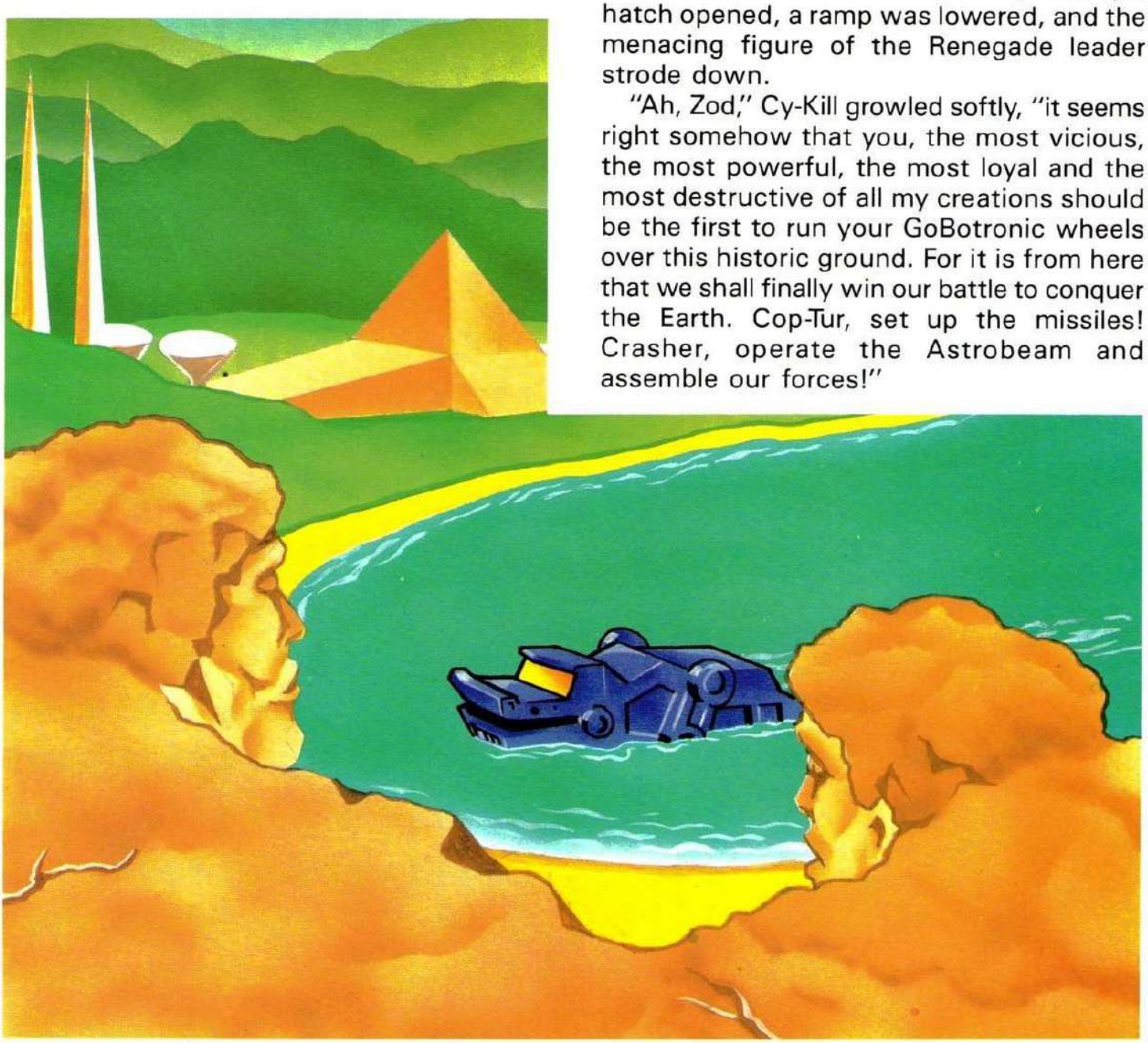
THE BATTLE AT THE END OF THE EARTH

The island of Mauna Mauna lies far off the Pacific's regular shipping routes. It is a windswept place with low hills and no trees. Sailors who first visited the island long ago in sailing ships used to call it 'the island at the end of the Earth' for, although it was uninhabited, they found that it was covered with mysterious ruins. There were long stone buildings like temples, whose walls were covered with strange paintings of flying men, and huge stone idols stood on the hilltops. Around them, staring out to sea, were carved statues of heads. The statues, the idols and the buildings are there to this day, and still nobody knows why.

For years Mauna Mauna had been without visitors. And then, one day, slowly rolling out of the ocean and up over its rocky shore came the huge and terrifying shape of Zod. He rolled past the stone heads and over the empty hills, blindly obedient to the programmed instructions of his master, Cy-Kill. Then, his destination reached, Zod's power systems closed down and he waited, as still and as silent as the mysterious stone statues that surrounded him.

Zod did not have to wait long, for later that day the Renegade's giant spaceship, Thruster, came down out of the sky and landed close beside him. The spaceship's hatch opened, a ramp was lowered, and the menacing figure of the Renegade leader strode down.

"Ah, Zod," Cy-Kill growled softly, "it seems right somehow that you, the most vicious, the most powerful, the most loyal and the most destructive of all my creations should be the first to run your GoBotronic wheels over this historic ground. For it is from here that we shall finally win our battle to conquer the Earth. Cop-Tur, set up the missiles! Crasher, operate the Astrobeam and assemble our forces!"



Cop-Tur's rotor blade began to spin, and he began to carry the parts of various missiles to their assembly points around the island. Some he assembled pointing east, some pointing west, some pointing north, and some south. Crasher let the Astrobeam's particle flow build up to the necessary power and then, one after another, the Renegades began to arrive. First came the Monsters of Casmodon, Falgos and Zarios. They were followed by Bad Boy and Buggy Man, by Fitor, Slicks, Tank, and then by the Water Walker, Loco, the treacherous Royal-T and the evil Geeper Creeper, Sky Jack, Tux and Snoop. And then, when this, the most awesome and evil collection of Renegade GoBots ever to gather on the Earth was assembled, down the Astrobeam from their home planet came the giant D.X. GoBots of GoBotron. The giant yellow Volkswagen, Psycho, the evil Porsche, Herr Fiend, and Destroyer, all joined their smaller companions as they listened to their crazed leader outline his plan.

"From here, my glorious GoBots," he roared, "we can fire our missiles to any spot on Earth. We shall destroy their cities and then they shall be powerless to resist."

"But Cy-Kill, old partner," protested the evil Doctor Braxis, "if you destroy the cities what will there be left for me to rule?"

"Nothing, Braxis — exactly what you are fit to rule," roared Cy-Kill still more loudly. "But the minerals and the crystals and the energy of this planet will all be ours. With such power we can reconquer GoBotron. And once GoBotron is ours the whole galaxy must cower before us, just as you, Doctor Braxis, our so-called ally, cower already. Cop-Tur, are the missiles ready?"

"Yes, Cy-Kill," said Cop-Tur's grating voice. "No continent shall be spared our rain of death."

"Launch the missiles!" shouted the mad motorcycle, and as his arm fell to a button in Thruster's computer systems, fleets of missiles sped away from the island of Mauna Mauna in every direction, leaving smoky trails like spiderwebs behind them in the sky.

When the first missiles were picked up on the Command Centre's scanners the information was processed directly into the ship's computers which recognised them immediately as GoBot system two weaponry and, within a matter of microseconds, had put the entire ship on a condition red alert.

"GoBotronic missiles targeted on all major population concentrations," announced Scooter, plugging himself into a direct link. "Origin Mauna Mauna. Central Pacific zone seven. Estimated search and destroy time fifteen minutes."

"Co-ordinated action of entire Guardian force," announced Leader-1. "All forces lock into central control reference grid. Let's go! And good luck!"

"What's the central control reference grid?" asked A.J. as the Command Centre took off. Even as it was doing so, Guardian GoBots were jetting up into the sky in pursuit of the enemy missiles.

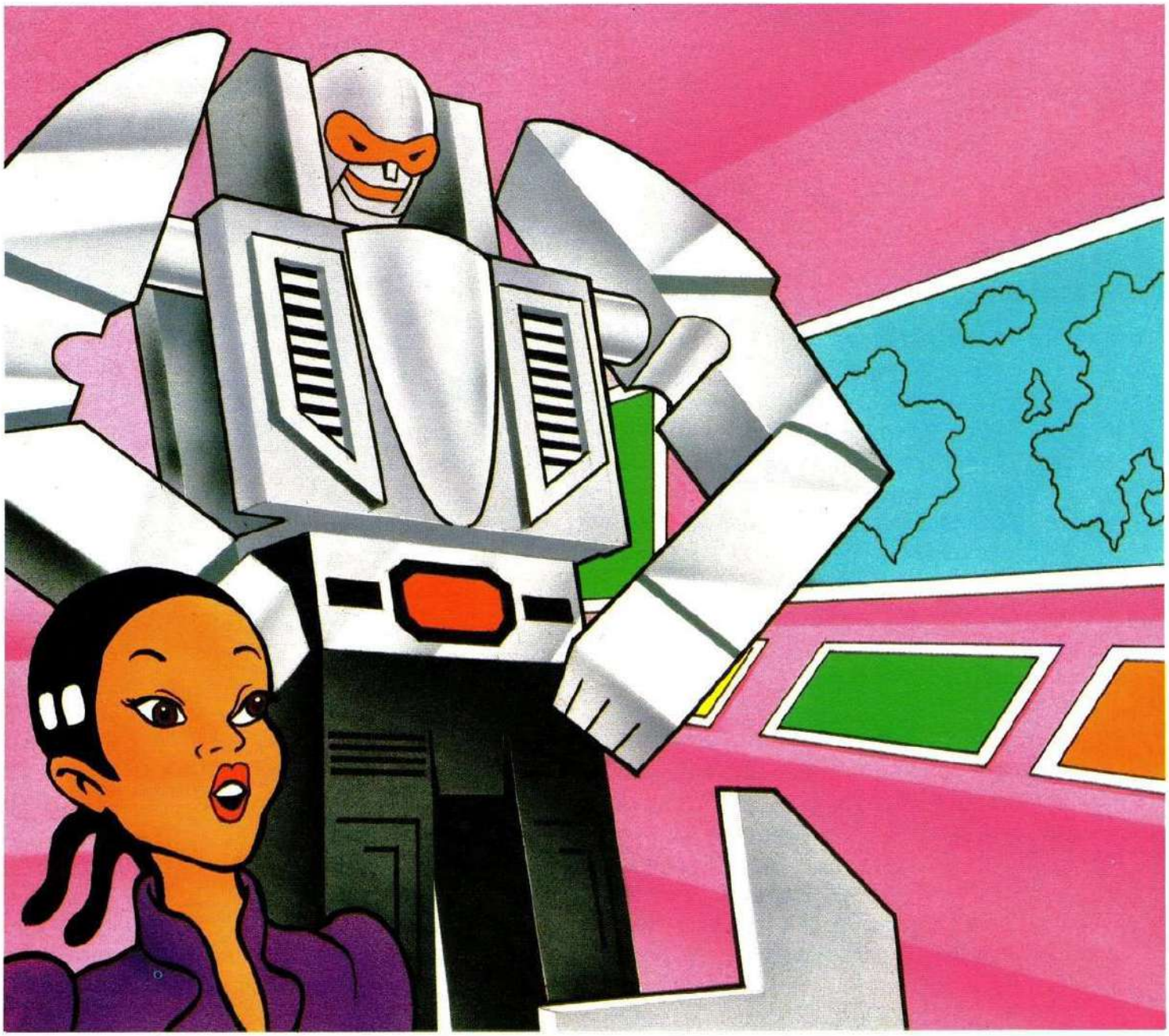
"It means that all the Guardian GoBots are connected to a central brain in the Command Centre, which passes them instructions on what to do. It saves them having to communicate over the airwaves in speech. It's a new system Scooter's been working on."

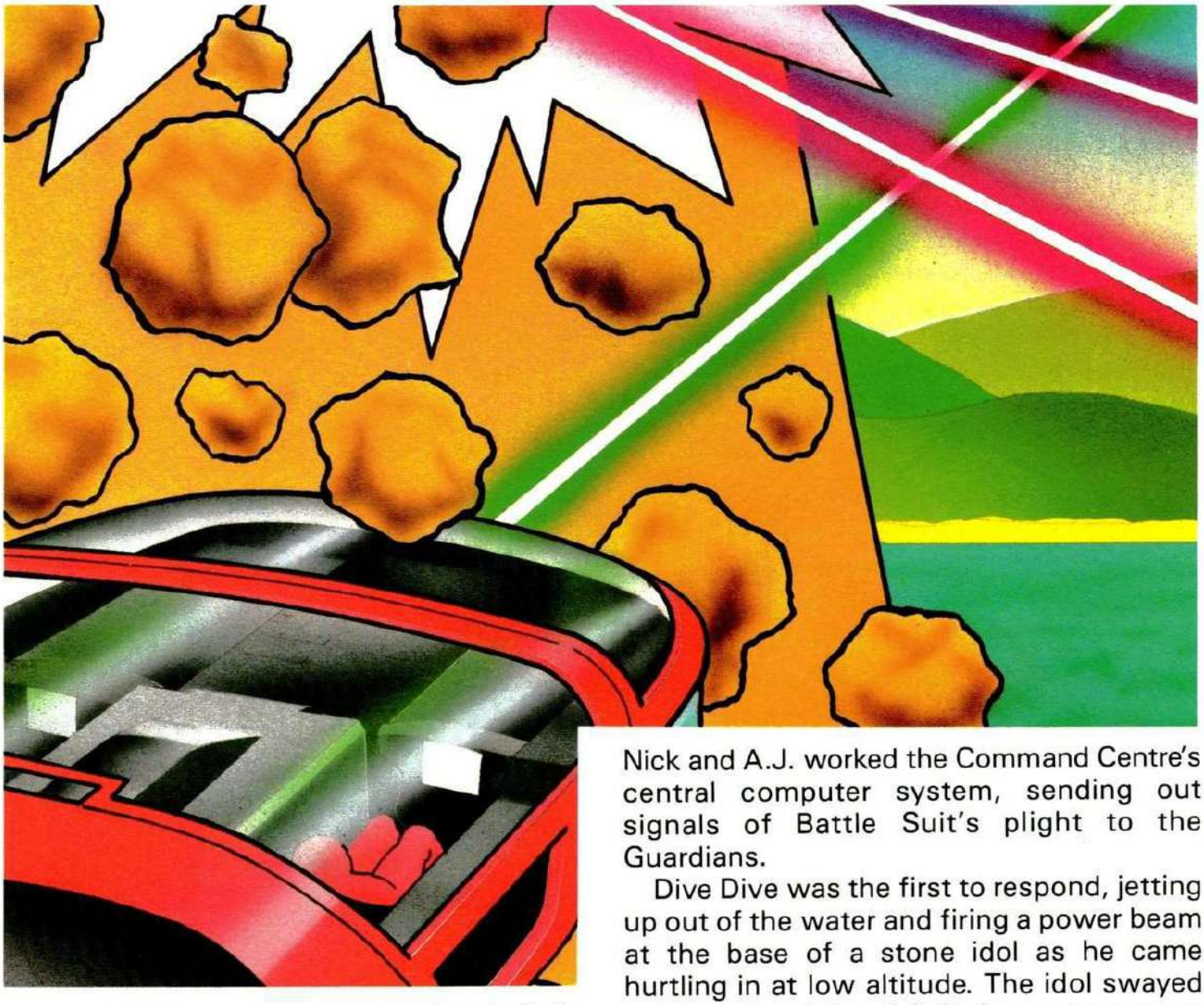
"I think I prefer talking," said A.J. as she looked at the map on the computer screen and saw the circle of missile tracks spreading further and further out from the tiny dot in the Central Pacific.

On Mauna Mauna, Cy-Kill began to suspect that his plan was going wrong when the dots on his screen began to disappear before they reached their target.

"What is happening?" he shouted in rage as dot after dot disappeared from his screen. "Can it be that the Guardians will deny me victory once again? Can it be that my GoBotronic power and genius will once again fail? I shall not let it happen! This time the Earth will be mine!"

Cy-Kill's anger turned to a shout of alarm as down out of the sunlight onto the





assembled Renegades dropped Battle Suit, its power system five weaponry firing at full blast as it landed. The mad motorcycle activated Zod and the giant monster lumbered forward, breathing fire. He smashed into the Battle Suit and one of its arms broke loose, changed shape, and flew round to attack Zod's flank. Destroyer fired a salvo of GoBotronic shells which exploded all round the loose arm and it rejoined the main body of Battle Suit, which was now under attack from the Enemy Invaders and Crasher.

Inside the Battle Suit, Turbo, Matt Hunter, Road Ranger, Night Ranger, Sparky and Spay-C worked furiously at their separate instrument panels as they desperately tried to fight off their attackers. Zod lumbered towards them in a charge and knocked the Battle Suit to the ground. As the suit fell it broke up into its five separate parts and scattered.

Back in the Command Centre, Scooter, Nick and A.J. worked the Command Centre's central computer system, sending out signals of Battle Suit's plight to the Guardians.

Dive Dive was the first to respond, jetting up out of the water and firing a power beam at the base of a stone idol as he came hurtling in at low altitude. The idol swayed a moment and then fell, its huge stone mass crushing Psycho and Bad Boy beneath it as it crashed to the ground.

"Nice shooting, Dive Dive," shouted Matt, as Turbo swung the Battle Suit's central section around in a low, looping arc that took it round behind one of the stone temples. "Get word back to the Command Centre that we're going to need more reinforcements."

But Scooter's central control reference grid meant that the news had already been monitored back in the Control Centre, and already more reinforcements were speeding towards the tiny Pacific island.

Meanwhile, Leader-1, Heat-Seeker and Pathfinder were playing a deadly cat and mouse game with the remaining missiles. Flying at them head on and firing from close range, tilting them skyward so that they flew out of the Earth's atmosphere and exploded harmlessly in space, sending out scrambler signals that jammed their guidance systems and sent them plunging into the sea, one by

one the Renegades' missiles were destroyed.

"No, no, no, no, no!" raged Cy-Kill as he saw what was happening on his monitor. "I shall not be defeated."

But even as he spoke, more Guardians were arriving on Mauna Mauna. Dumper and Dozer were now fighting furiously with Crasher, who roared and rushed at each of them in turn.

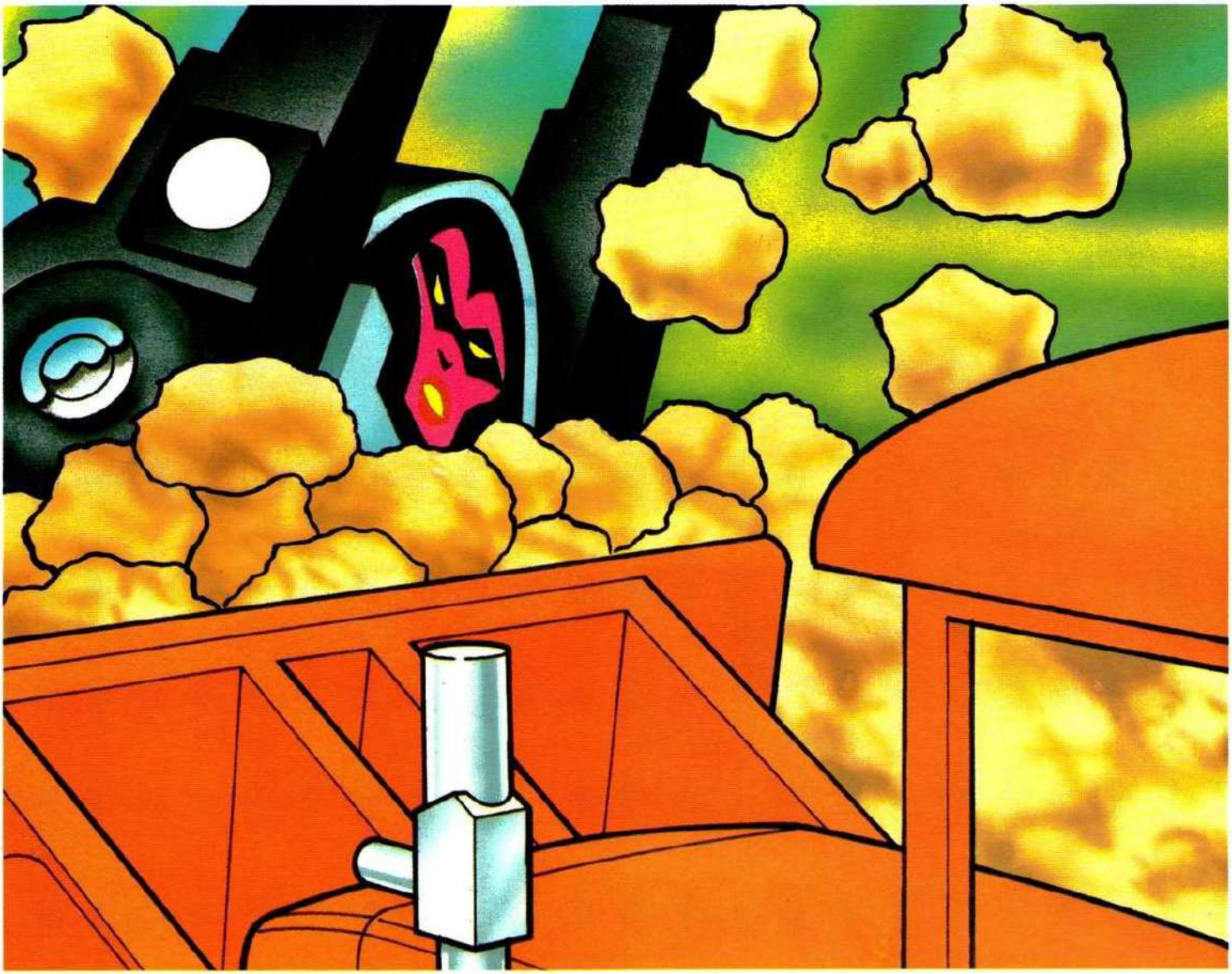
"Crash and smash, bash and trash, bump and thump, shake and break, batter and clatter!" she shrieked, but Dozer had shoved over a great stone head in her path, and Dumper was tipping earth over her. She changed from a motorcar into her GoBotronic form and stood upright, showering dirt and rocks all around as she loosed a power beam at Dozer. Dozer ducked out of the way and the beam struck the roof of one of the temples and brought it crashing down on top of Geeper Creeper, Buggy Man and Bad Boy. As she shouted out in rage at her mistake, the Battle Suit's flying foot came down and knocked her flat.

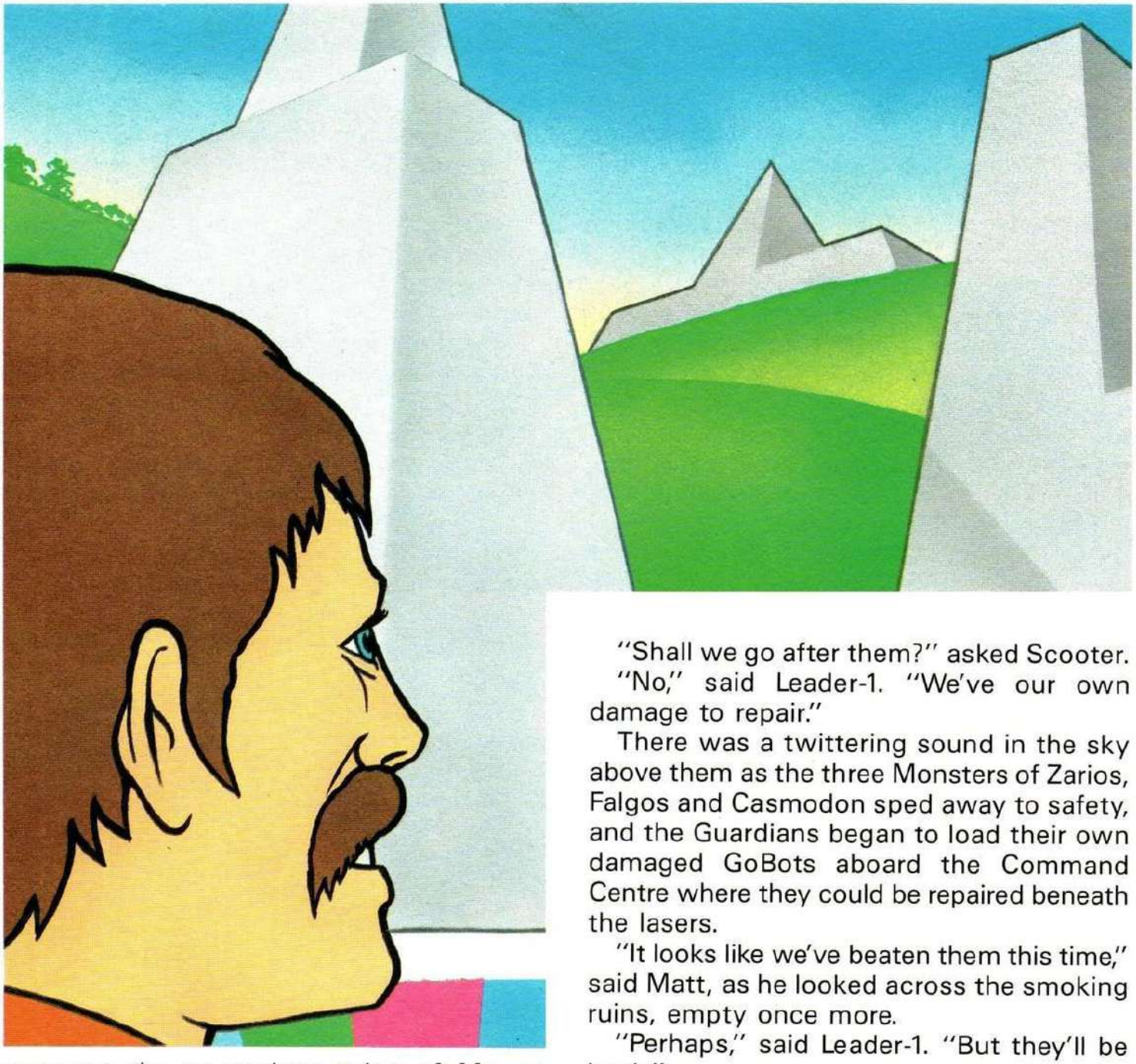
Meanwhile, a combined attack by Dive Dive and Night Ranger, who was in Battle Suit's gun arm, had succeeded in burning out some of Zod's obedience circuits. He was lumbering to and fro, smashing into anything in his way. He rolled down a hill, caught one of his huge wheels against the huge square slabs of the fallen idol, spun around and went lumbering back up the slope, knocking down the carved stone heads that stood in his path.

The three Enemy Invaders were hovering in the air around Hans-Cuff and the Guardian was spinning this way and that as he tried to avoid them.

Then, suddenly, the Command Centre appeared in the sky over the island, with Scooter at the controls of its revolving head. From out of the Command Centre dropped Goodnight and Flip Top, and the three GoBot Monsters scurried separately for shelter, shrieking their hideous, shrill GoBot chatter as they went.

For hours and hours the battle raged





amongst the mysterious ruins of Mauna Mauna, with the GoBots of both sides having to recharge their energy cells more than once at their command ship's respective fuelling points. The air over the island was black with smoke, and through it the twisted shapes of damaged robots could be seen amongst the blank stone heads, wrecked temples and giant idols that stood on the hilltops. However, with the destruction of the missiles accomplished, Leader-1, Heat-Seeker and Pathfinder joined the fight, and with little left to fight for now, the Renegades began to lose heart. Slowly they gathered up their damaged comrades and Astrobeamed them back to their laboratories on GoBotron. Then Cy-Kill called his two most trusted Renegades, Crasher and Cop-Tur, to his side, boarded Thruster and jetted away.

"Shall we go after them?" asked Scooter.

"No," said Leader-1. "We've our own damage to repair."

There was a twittering sound in the sky above them as the three Monsters of Zarios, Falgos and Casmodon sped away to safety, and the Guardians began to load their own damaged GoBots aboard the Command Centre where they could be repaired beneath the lasers.

"It looks like we've beaten them this time," said Matt, as he looked across the smoking ruins, empty once more.

"Perhaps," said Leader-1. "But they'll be back."

"And we'll be ready for those BadBots again," said Scooter, opening up the Command Centre's huge engines and lifting off into the sky.

And then, when the Command Centre was gone, the gigantic figure of Zod came lumbering blindly over the crest of a hill, bounced down the far side, completely out of control, and splashed into the water. As his great steel head sank beneath the waves and he rolled away, the island of Mauna Mauna was silent and empty once more. And when the smoke of battle had cleared there were only the huge stone idols on the hilltops, the buildings whose walls were covered with strange paintings of flying men, and the carved statues of heads staring out to sea.

Scooter's Training Programme

Training Data Print Out (Answers)

GoBot Recognition

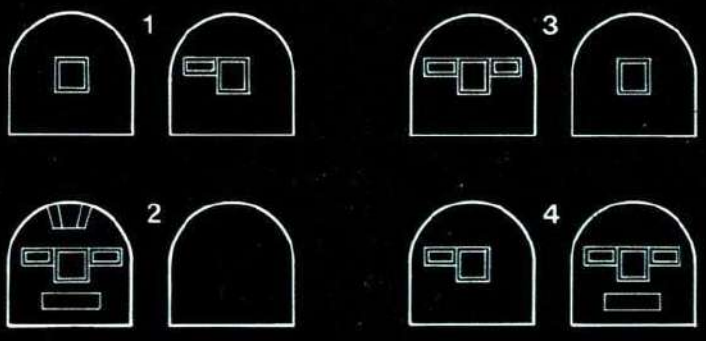
	CODE NAME	CLASSIFICATION	BATTLE STATUS
1	Pathfinder	U.F.O.	Friendly
2	Royal-T	Harrier jump jet	Enemy
3	Dive Dive	Submarine	Friendly
4	Scooter	Scooter	Friendly
5	Geeper Creeper	Jeep	Enemy
6	Cy-Kill	Motorcycle	Enemy
7	Loco	Locomotive	Enemy
8	Zod	Robosaurus	Enemy
9	Vamp	Casmodon Monster	Enemy
10	Dozer	Bulldozer	Friendly
11	Spay-C	Space shuttle	Friendly
12	Zero	World War II fighter	Enemy
13	Snoop	Blackbird spy plane	Enemy
14	Pincher	Falgos Monster	Enemy

Mathematronics

1 12
2 50
3 31
4 24

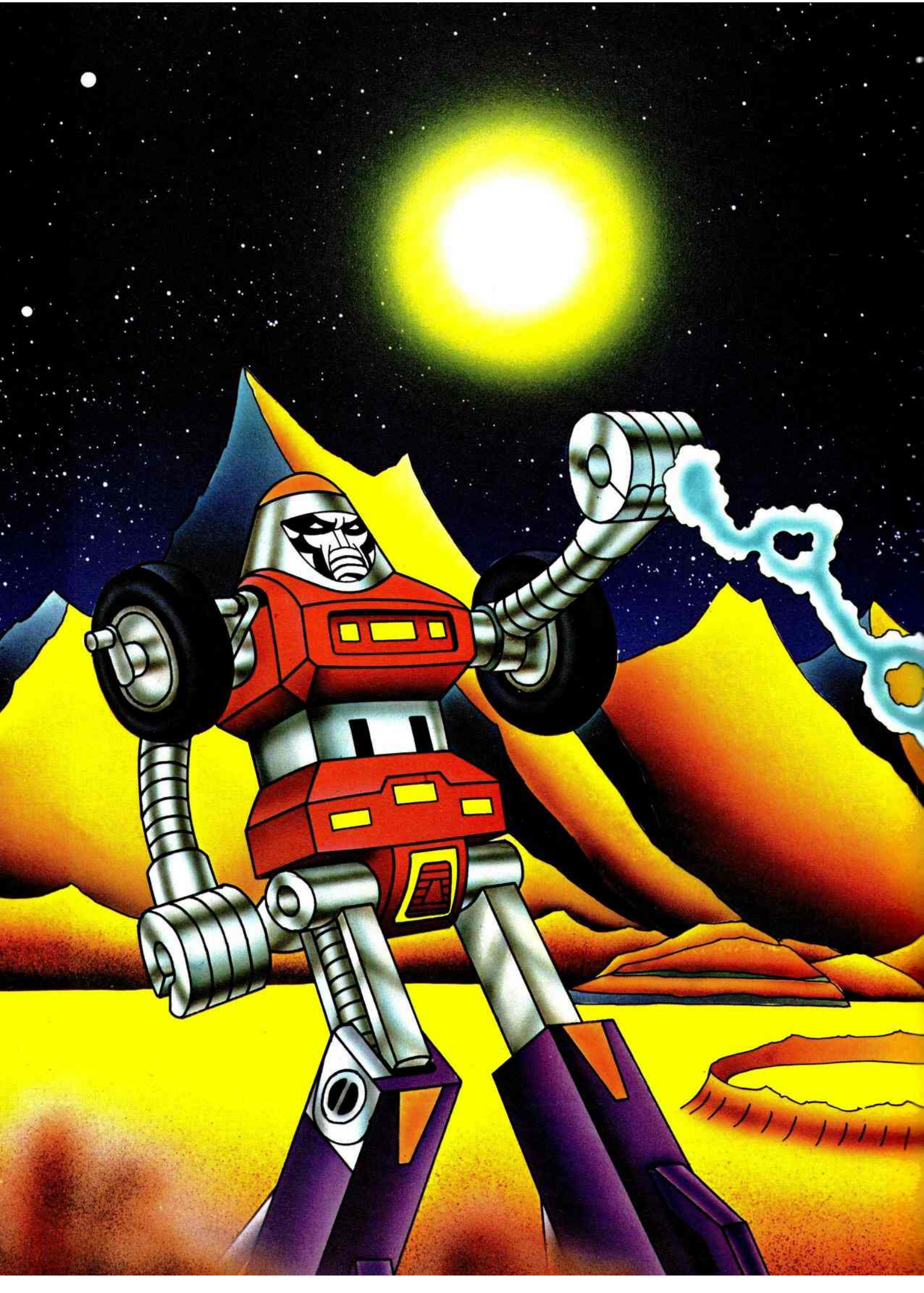
Hidden Renegades

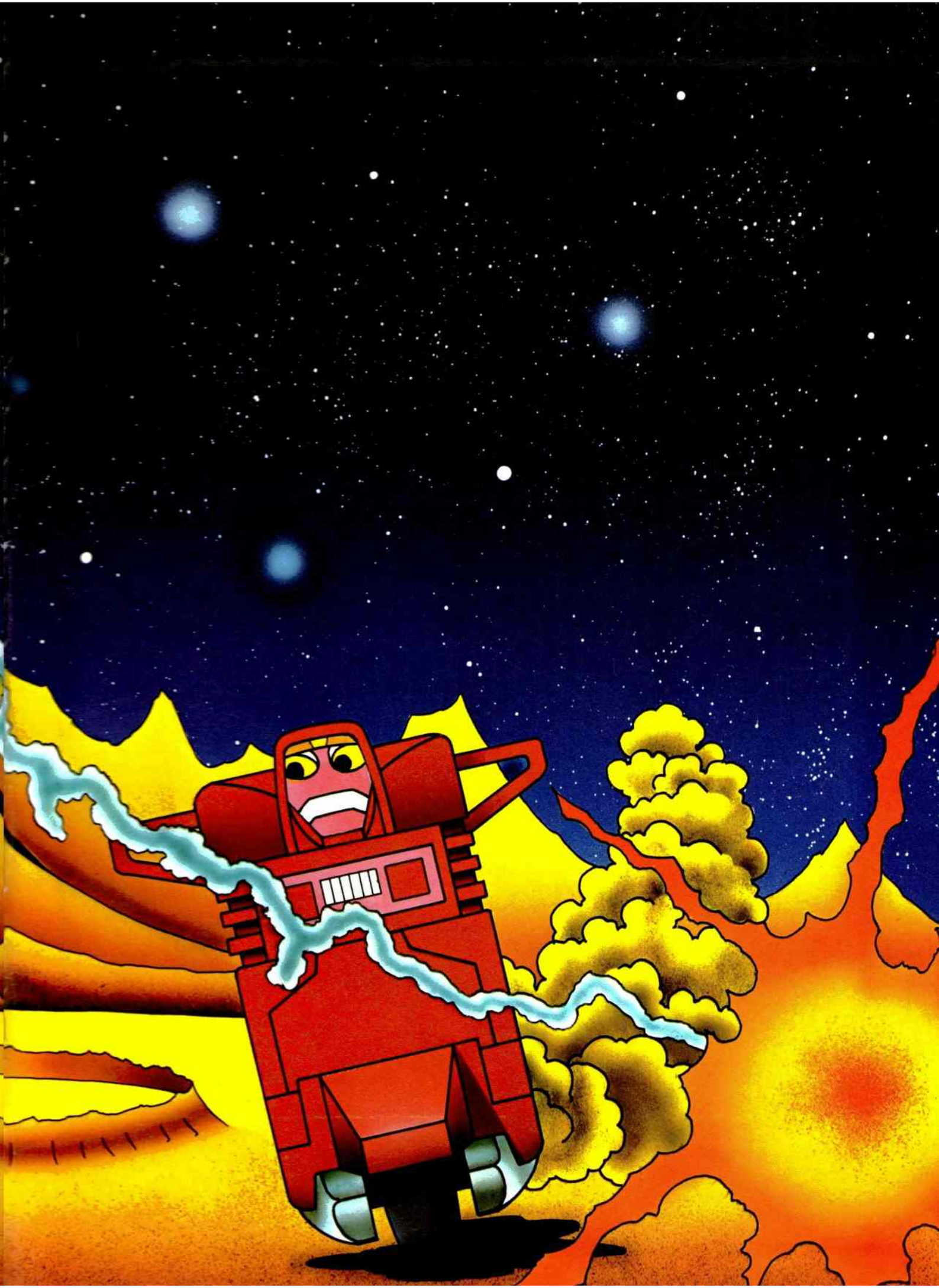
Turbo is the friendly GoBot.



The Search for Spay-C

The routes that Matt and Pathfinder must take through the space lanes are 6, 2, 12, 1, 8, 9, 1, 15, 3, 12, 16, 17, 32, and 36. Spay-C is hiding on the planet Skatmos.



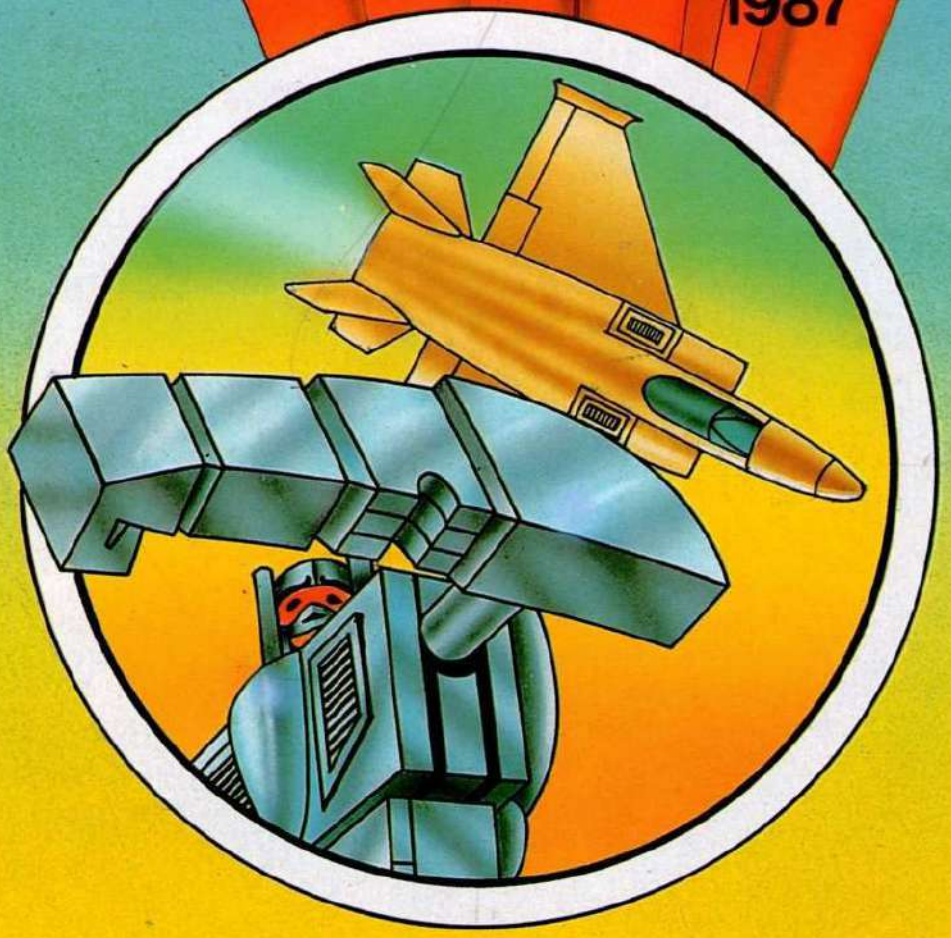


ROBO MACHINE™

FEATURING THE

CHALLENGE OF THE GOBOTS™

ANNUAL 1987



ISBN 0-7235-6777-8

9 780723 567776